

The Student's Pen



Commencement Issue

JUNE, 1928



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and the
Student's Pennies*

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is to express
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When a Girl or Boy Graduates

Next in importance to the wedding day, is a girl or boy's graduation. Days of planning and hours of shopping about for lovely dress essentials precede the great occasion. And when the day of days arrives, the fair young lady and the dapper young man are quite prepared to receive the adulation of all their friends. Departments at Wallace's are chock full of pretty gifts that will multiply their joy in the great event. The suitable and satisfying gift is here.

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Short Styles



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SENIOR CLASS
PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
"JUNE 1928"

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RACHEL MORSE
ADVISER - CENTRAL

JOHN A. FORD
PRINCIPAL - COMMERCIAL

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XIV

JUNE, 1928

No. 8

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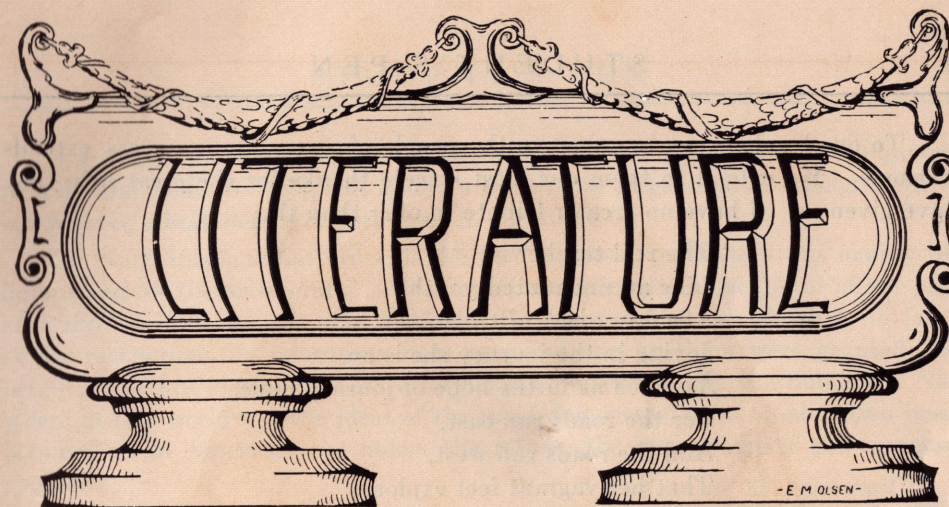




*Exegit monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, et innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.*

—Horace

We, the class of June, 1928, do dedicate this, our Commencement issue of The Student's Pen, to Mr. William D. Goodwin in recognition of his valuable work as teacher and guide of the students of Pittsfield High School for the past forty years.



Address of Welcome

Behind you the waiting
Before you the strife;
Behind you the growing
Before you is life!
Behind you the planning
Before you the need,
Behind you the dreaming
Before you the deed,
Then forth to the battle
To dare and to do
The world with its problems
Is waiting for You.

For three years we have looked forward to this event, when we will leave behind an old life and enter into a new world—a world in which we see from what is now only a short distance the same loyalty, trust, and sympathy which we have known through our school days and which we realize to its fullest extent on this occasion. There is a depth of gratitude and appreciation in our hearts for all those who have helped us to achieve this goal of success. Dear parents and friends, the class of June, 1928, extends to you a most hearty and cordial greeting, in which greeting we voice our love and gratitude. We take this opportunity of thanking you for having given us the greatest treasure you might have to offer—an education that will fit us for our battle with life. We realize the sacrifice you have made for us in putting into our hands this priceless gift. We are glad that you are here with us tonight to share in our joy in this Commencement.

Our life in high school has been very happy and our hearts are full of sorrow upon this leave-taking. Yet we are eager for the new life that is opening before us and we have a feeling of joy in a well-earned reward.

"The moving finger writes
And having writ, moves on;
Nor all our piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all our tears, blot out a word of it."

To our teachers, no less than to the people of our city, our class extends welcome. We extend to them our most sincere thanks for the great help they have given us. I have no greater tribute to offer than this:

"The real teacher is
Like an undaunted youth,
Afield in quest of truth,
Joying in the journey she is on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
For the roads run east,
And the roads run west,
That her vagrant feet explore;
And she knows no haste,
And she knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest,
Than the mile she trod before."

The practices of modern schools can be understood only in the light of history. An organized educational system is a product of civilization. The youth of primitive peoples were given some preparation for the later activities of life, but most of this learning came from imitation of their elders.

The first demand for special education was the demand for religious training. Among the earlier peoples, only the higher classes were given even this religious training. Up to the twelfth century there were no schools other than the monasteries where the clergy received such training as was necessary for their calling. During the twelfth century, the first great schools of Europe were organized. These were special institutions which fitted sons of wealthy and noble families for the type of education that would raise the individual to a position of unusual influence and power.

In connection with the centers of learning, there grew up preparatory schools which gave to those boys who were going to enter the great universities a knowledge of the Latin language which was necessary to understand the lectures in those institutions of learning.

Schools for the common people were not organized until much later than the universities and preparatory schools. These schools were organized under the control of the Church. These cathedral schools instructed choir boys in reading and music in order that they might take part in the Church services. Later, a little arithmetic and the teaching of the catechism were added to the course.

Schools were mainly religious and royal institutions carried on through the priests. In schools for young noblemen, organized in the palaces, discipline was severe and flogging was common. Instruction dealt largely with good manners, ethical and political principles, and such science as the priests and other teachers could command.

In countries where debates formed the decisions of civic problems, rhetoric was the main subject. Because most of the ancient people prized perfection of bodily development, most highly, gymnastics took up most of the pupil's time.

Education and learning were handed down from conquerors to conquered peoples and each new recipient added a little more to general knowledge until it has reached a high degree of perfection in our own day.

In short, this summary reveals the fact that early education was mainly religious and for the aristocracy. Democracy alone has been the factor of our present day civilization. It was fortunate for the common people that, in later years, restrictions on education were removed and to them were granted the privileges of knowledge that were formerly enjoyed by only the nobility. Nowhere in this world has the ideal of the most democratic form of education been attained as in America—the home, the refuge, the inspiration of the common people!

Jeanette M. Silvernail

Early Colonial Schools

THE years after the Revolution until about 1840 form the most picturesque period in our educational history. This was preeminently the period of the district school. At first prevailing poverty and loose government made it difficult to maintain any school organization that was at all adequate. Many communities had no schoolhouse until the beginning of the nineteenth century, but hired a room in some home, and furnished it with desks and benches.

In colonial times the town, in its meetings, chose the master, fixed his salary, and decided on the conditions under which pupils were to be admitted. The number of pupils to be accommodated in a district school was likely to be large, for the children in the old-time families were numerous, and the farm regions had not yet begun to be depopulated by the cityward migration. Nevertheless, no matter how many scholars there might be in a locality, there was never any thought of providing more than one teacher. The main purpose of the constructors of the buildings seems to have been to see into how small a space the children could be crowded. The structure was generally roughly clap-boarded, and it might possibly receive a coat of red or yellow paint, but more often, paint was lacking both inside and out. The schoolroom was lathed and plastered and was lighted by five or six small windows. The glass in the windows was often broken and during school hours in cold weather, the openings thus made would be filled by the scholars' hats. Just inside, next to the entrance was a fireplace and at the same end of the room was the masters' desk. Besides serving the ordinary purposes of a desk, it was a repository for confiscated tops, balls, penknives, marbles, and jewsharps, and was frequently a perfect curiosity shop. Against the walls on the three remaining sides of the room was built a sloping shelf, about three feet from the floor, with long backless benches placed in front of it, on which the older scholars sat. While they were studying, they leaned against the edge of the shelf, and when they wrote or ciphered, they rested their exercise books and slates on it. A row of lower benches for the smaller children was placed in front of the benches used by the elder scholars. The number of children the schoolhouse would hold, depended on how closely they could be packed on the benches. In the middle of the room was an open space. Here the classes stood while reciting.

The fireplace which warmed the schoolroom was large and deep and in severe weather it consumed about a cord of wood a week. The parents were required to bring a certain quantity of wood to the schoolhouse for each of their children attending. Those who failed to do their duty in this respect were obliged to pay a fine of four shillings.

The children usually played around outside for a while before school began in the morning, but at length a sudden outcry would arise, "There he is—the master's coming!" and they would all start pell-mell for the schoolroom and clatter noisily into their seats, girls on one side of the room, boys on the other. In below-zero weather, however, there was no lingering in the open air, and if the lad who made the fire was not prompt, the little children stood about the room, crying with cold, while the big boys blew the flickering flames and coaxed them into a brisk blaze. Later in the morning the fire gradually waxed hotter and hotter until the heat was a real trial to those nearest the fireplace. But at the rear of the room the atmosphere might still be frigid and the back seat scholars would be asking, "Master, may I go to the fire?" at the same time that those in front were complaining, "Master, I am too hot."

The usual routine of a school day began at seven o'clock with reading from the Testament by the first class. Next came writing and its accompanying preparation of pens and copies, and possibly thawing and watering of ink. For each writer the master set a copy at the top of a page in the pupil's copy-book. This copy in the case of a beginner would be simply straight lines; but a little practice on these sufficed. For the more advanced pupils the master wrote in a large, round hand, "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Contentment is a virtue," or some other wise saying. Every writer was expected to fill out a page daily in imitation of the master's copy.

After writing, the second and third classes read from the Testament and the smallest children were called on to repeat a few easy sentences from their primers or spelling books.

About half-past ten the teacher dismissed the pupils for recess. The time was short, but the children made the most of it until the instructor appeared at the door and rapped sharply with his ruler on the door-post as a signal for them to come in. Just inside the schoolroom near the door was a pail of water and a cup, and the children helped themselves as they entered. Some drank large quantities—in part to quench their thirst and in part to demonstrate their capacity.

Work was resumed and the rest of the session was spent chiefly in a general "spell", the teacher giving out the words and the pupils spelling them at the top of their voices.

The afternoon began with reading by the first class from a reading book, and then the other classes recited in turn until recess. The final hour was devoted to spelling once more with minor instruction in abbreviations, currencies, weights and measures. Then there was a roll-call, and the boy whose turn it was to make the fire next morning was reminded of the fact. As the scholars prepared to leave at five o'clock in the afternoon, the master gave positive orders for them to "go straight home and be civil to everybody they might meet."

Someone has said, "It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the letters of the alphabet." It is undoubtedly true that the capable and aspiring youth can make a very slender educational foundation serve to give an opportunity for great development. In most of the old district schools little was imparted beyond a few bare rudiments, the teachers were often uneducated, and sometimes tyrannical, the methods were mechanical and dreary. Famous men have come from "the little red schoolhouse", but this was because of their own energy and thrifty acquisitiveness and was not due to any superlative virtues of the schools themselves.

Betty Young

Early Colonial Text-Books

WHEN students of today feel that they are conferring a favor upon their teachers should they condescend to study a beautifully printed and beautifully bound text, how would they have felt two hundred years ago had they been obliged to use the primitive books of that period? Then the art of publishing was still in its infancy, and the subjects at hand were largely a matter of conjecture.

The printing industry was established in England long before it was introduced into America; consequently, it is not surprising that all of the texts used in the first colonial schools were imported from the mother country.

In respect to their workmanship, these books and the later ones were crude affairs. The print was large, irregular, and often faint or blurred, while the covers were made by stretching cloth over thin flat boards. The books used by beginners were even more primitive. They were made by glueing a printed sheet to a small square board and placing a piece of transparent hornpaper over the print to keep it clean. The children carried these hornbooks, as they were called, suspended from their necks by a string and from them they learned the alphabet.

When we consider their subject matter, it seems strange to us today that some of these early works should have lived so long; for, even though knowledge had increased rapidly since the time they were written, several of them remained favorites for over a hundred years.

It is interesting to examine these quaint volumes, since in the light of our present knowledge, many of their textual inaccuracies seem humorous.

Geography received the least impetus of any subject and was by far the least accurate. People considered its study a mere pastime, a profitable way to spend a long winter evening. In writing it fancy was made predominant over fact, but, more than that, it seems as though authors were helping to make the subject a mere pastime by making their definitions humorous. A whirlpool was defined as follows: "In the ocean there are many dangerous whirlpools. That called the Maelstrom upon the coast of Norway is considered as the most dreadful and voracious in the world. A minute description of the internal parts is not to be expected since none who were there ever returned to bring back information."

The study of arithmetic developed very slowly in the colonies. So slow was it in the process of development that a teacher who could figure was looked upon

as a very learned man, and this prowess as an "arithmeticker" would place him first among others devoid of such learning.

At first the students made their own mathematics books by copying examples given them by their teachers as they progressed. These were called "sum books." Later, regular printed books were introduced, and these were intended to interest the child by means of their quaint problems. Witness:

"When first the marriage knot was ty'd
Between my wife and me,
My age was to that of my bride
As three times three to three;
But now, when ten and half ten years
We man and wife have been,
Her age to mine exactly bears
As eight is to eighteen.
Now tell, I pray, from what I've said
What were our ages when we wed?"

For the beginners such difficult problems as these were included: "Judas, one of the twelve Apostles, hung himself. How many were there left?" And, "Seven boys laughed at George on one side of the house when he was punished, and two on the other. How many boys laughed?"

However, not all the studies of the early students were as humorous as the arithmetic. The classics were studied by nearly everyone and were taught strictly, for the requirements laid down by the colleges were rigid.

A Latin grammar compiled by Ezekiel Cheever, a New England school-master, was the first native school book printed in America. The students of the time, however, were not without a sense of light-hearted irreverence, so among themselves they referred to the gentleman's endeavor as "Cheever's Accidence."

After mastering Cheever, the struggling scholars were introduced to the wilderness of Lily's grammar which completed their technical Latin education.

People may believe that such a subject as this together with the peaceful colonial life of the time would tend to destroy the student's sense of humor; but the scribbles on the margins of the texts prove the belief untrue. One student became assured that History was a tiresome subject so he noted the fact on the fly leaf as follows:

"If there should be another flood,
Then to this book I'd fly;
If all the earth should be submerged,
This book would still be dry."

Another student was an original humorist. He wrote, "What is higher sitting than standing?" Beneath was the answer, "A dog."

Under such conditions it is remarkable that those early schools turned out such brilliant and much needed men. Furthermore, they not only served their country in this temporal way but, what is still greater, they laid the firm foundation of our secondary school system, one of the greatest assets of a great nation.

Clayton Nesbit

The Development of Secondary Schools During the Nineteenth Century

DURING the latter part of the Eighteenth Century and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, there were no free secondary schools, and but few private academies, to form a connecting link between the grammar schools and universities.

For many years there was a struggle in America to organize a public high school, but the friends of the private academies so skilfully conducted affairs that the academy was kept supreme until May, 1821, when the first high school was established in Boston, Massachusetts, as the Boys' Classical School. The term "high school", however, was not officially employed in Massachusetts statutes for more than twenty years. Meanwhile, in 1826, a high school for girls had been established in Boston. The school existed only two years, not because of unpopularity, but the reverse. The enrollment was so large that the school could not accommodate all the applicants, consequently the grammar schools extended their upper grades to meet the needs of the girls.

As the Latin Grammar School was a college preparatory school, its course of study was not suited to the common needs of life. The academy offered a practical course, but being a private institution and requiring a considerable tuition fee, it was somewhat exclusive. There was a need of a school that would provide three or four years of training beyond that of the elementary schools, that would be free like the Latin Grammar School, and that would have a practical curriculum like that of the academy. Previous to the founding of the Boys' Classical School, twenty-six academies had been incorporated in Massachusetts.

Six years after the first high school was established, a law was passed in Massachusetts, requiring that such a school must be established in every town having a population of five hundred or more families. However, for many years the academy was still the dominant secondary school, even in Massachusetts. The development of the academy was by far greater than that of the high school, and during the next thirteen years the number of academies had increased to more than one hundred schools, while there were but eighteen high schools. By 1861 the State Board of Education claimed that in the state, there were over one hundred high schools which included Latin and Greek in their courses of study, although recent official attempts to summarize the high school development in the United States credited no more than that number to the entire country, and only eleven to Massachusetts. By this time the system was well established in Massachusetts, although less than seventy per cent of the towns in the state met their legal requirement, even allowing the number of schools claimed by the State Board.

In other states the high school movement went on even more slowly. In New York the conflict between the high school and the academy resulted even more favorably for the academy than in Massachusetts. While Governor Clinton was strongly in favor of the establishment of schools in that state, few of these schools were founded. The friends of the academy were able to divert the appropriations of the state funds to these institutions instead of to the high schools

and normal schools. The "Union Free Schools" Acts of 1853 and 1864 developed many high schools under local control.

The progress of the school was seriously interrupted by the Civil War. Before the war the high school had been developing fairly well in the North, but in the South the progress was very slow. After the Civil War period, the development in both North and South was very rapid. The number of high schools increased to a number over six thousand.

The later periods of secondary education have been made more complex by the fact that many new subjects have been developed which demand a place in the outline of education. The natural sciences made rapid progress after the Seventeenth Century, and their importance has increased in modern times, for every student who intends to be a leader in social or political life must know something of the natural sciences. Within the last century, the knowledge of natural sciences has become so important that commercial and industrial life has demanded it, with the result that a higher education is not complete if it does not include a general training in this branch of learning.

Among the literary subjects, also, there has been much competition. Modern languages, as well as the ancient languages have come to be of great importance to the students. Secondary schools have accordingly adopted modern languages into their curriculum, and in some there has been an attempt to do away with the ancient and teach only the modern.

The point in which the high schools most resemble each other is in their curriculum. This is due to the fact that the high school has been, and is today, fundamentally a preparatory school for colleges and universities which have set a standard of requirements for admission.

Ever since the rise of the high school in this country, its advocates have dreamed of it as a finishing school of the common people, but as yet this hope has not been realized. This condition has been no more the fault of the college and university than of those who insist upon a different curriculum, but who in the past have been able to find no course which would prove suitable in the thousands of high schools in the country. The present widespread interest in vocational, industrial, technical, commercial, economical training, and the other practical experiments now going on, give a renewed promise for the future of this dream of a Peoples' school. The American high school owes much of its present efficiency to the college and university, as well as to the state, which has taken much interest in its control and further development.

Lillian Sauer

Berkshire County and the Secondary School Movement

WHILE the citizens of Berkshire County, are inclined to believe that we have always stood foremost as regards early educational progress. Contrary to this belief is the opinion of that energetic person, Horace Mann, who declared that to make an impression in the Berkshires was like trying to batter down Gibraltar with one's fists. Once that impression was made, however, Berkshire County could not be held back on the road of advancement in learning.

Until that day dawned, however, education lagged, and especially in Pittsfield. The people were quite satisfied with the single school system, supervised by the town meetings. If a child could read and write, what more could be asked? He would be able to come into direct contact with the Scriptures, thereby assuring himself of heavenly reward. He would become acquainted with discipline, for the hickory stick was every teacher's stand-by. In fact, he would emerge a capable farm lad who was fortunate enough to know that the ABC'S existed.

Nevertheless, the system was weak. Dissatisfaction was beginning to manifest itself. A few broad minded individuals began to notice the backwardness of the public schools. As a result in 1824 an educational society was formed with Henry Hubbard of Pittsfield as president. This organization, unable to change the scholastic ideas of the public, could only help pave the way for the improvement which later came under the leadership of Horace Mann, secretary of the State Board of Education. That worthy person took one look at Berkshire County and then decided that before the pupil could be educated, the teacher must be educated. Consequently plans were laid for the establishing of the Berkshire County Teachers' Association. Appeals, through the medium of circular letters, were made, summoning all the teachers to the first meeting, which was to be held in Pittsfield. The date was set for October 21, 1845. On that memorable occasion when the first few teachers arrived, they found Horace Mann and His Excellency, the Honorable George Nixon Briggs, governor of Massachusetts, calmly sweeping and dusting the convention hall. Here on the site that was later used for a high school, the first great step toward reform was taken.

For something so entirely new, the meeting was a success. One hundred teachers had responded to the call of higher education, and they listened eagerly while Horace Mann explained his plan for the founding of a Teacher's Institute. Readily the plan was adopted and by its adoption the foundation of the secondary school movement in Berkshire County was laid.

The next call was for schools, well-lighted, well-ventilated schools, worthy institutions of learning. School committees were formed, only to be handicapped by a large number of indifferent voters. In spite of this drawback, high schools were established and an elastic curriculum was introduced. One by one, private schools became public. Grammar and high schools became numerous.

Thus education flourished. The dream of Horace Mann had been realized. All in all, "summer had dawned in the Berkshire Arctic regions of learning."

Claudine Hinckley

The School and Teacher of Today

KEEPING pace with the ever changing demands of an advancing civilization education has, during the last few decades, taken remarkable strides forward. Today, rising to every need, it is opening up vast fields of endeavor to those who will but take advantage of them. In every walk of life specialization is becoming a requirement of success and education is preparing itself to meet that requirement. It is continually striving to do away with the abstract and to provide an

interesting and practical curriculum which will train each student along that particular line which he intends to follow.

Particularly noteworthy in its progress has been the ever increasing tendency toward creating a better understanding and a more sympathetic relationship between the teacher and the pupil. We find existing between the two an attitude of friendship; in fact, the successful teacher today is regarded as the one who creates in his classroom that bond of friendliness between himself and his pupils which so successfully serves as an incentive to them to grasp all the opportunities offered by education.

We students of Pittsfield High School have been exceedingly fortunate in having a staff of teachers whose aim it has ever been to cultivate in the hearts of the students that feeling of companionship prompted primarily by respect and esteem.

This particularly can be said of Mr. William Goodwin, who has for forty years served the community of Pittsfield by combining in his teaching those qualities of an instructor and a friend which have justly earned for him an enviable place in the hearts of the students. He is one who, as a teacher, has clearly shown that he possesses a remarkable knowledge of his subject and the ability so to present that subject as to render it interesting to a vast majority of students. He has successfully sought to reveal to us the joys to be gained from knowledge and the beauty to be revealed in acquiring it.

Though the day may come when we forget the principles of Latin constructions, we will surely treasure to the end of our lives that joy we have gained from him as our friend—a friend to whom we know we can ever turn for wise and generous counsel. He is one to whom we know we can go for sympathy in our moments of trouble and despair. Between him and every student who has ever known him there exists that bond of mutual affection created by his desire to render unstinting service and strengthened by the desire of the student to repay him in some small way for the joy derived from his kindness.

It is only right, therefore, that such a man should possess a unique place in our affection. It is only fitting, then, that on this, the completion of his 40th year as a teacher in Pittsfield High School, we should seek to honor him for the many years of loyal and unselfish service he has devoted to the city of Pittsfield. With this in mind we, the members of the June Class of 1928 here dedicate our graduation to him and to that work he has so well accomplished. It is, then, with the greatest pleasure that I, speaking for the entire Pittsfield High School, present this little token of esteem to one of the most beloved members of our faculty—
Mr. William Goodwin.

Joseph Hayes,

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Maplewood Prize Essay

IT was early morning in London. At the Browning's house—in the tiny dining-room with its tapestry covered walls sat Robert Browning and his beloved wife, Elizabeth. But the table was set for three. The pattering of tiny feet on the stairs—a soft lilt of childish laughter—and a small boy of four stalked

importantly into the room. According to custom, yet with a feint at boredom, he presented himself to his adoring mother for a good-morning kiss and a stroke of his golden ringlets. Meanwhile Robert, proud father, smiled indulgently at his two most prized possessions, his wife and his son—and gave an almost wistful sigh of ecstatic happiness. His wife looked up—tenderly, lovingly. She had a slight delicate figure, a sweet expressive face with a shower of dusky brown curls falling softly about it, large beautiful eyes fringed with long brown curling lashes; and in her eyes was a light of everlasting youth, an almost hidden glint of a Peter Pan look, intermingled with a tiny hint of former sorrow and remorse.

Elizabeth Barrett's life had not been an ordinary one. She was born in 1809, of wealthy parents, in the county of Durham, and passed many of her early years in the country of Herefordshire. She loved nature—the woods—the wild flowers—and portrays of her appreciation of all beauty in her poetry. Her youth had held few social activities—she preferred to pore over the old classics and would spend hours studying Greek and Hebrew.

At the dignified age of ten she was writing remarkable poetry, and at seventeen she published an "Essay on Mind and other Poems", which, although it displayed amazing talent, did not find favor with the critics. The blind Hugh Stuart Boyd was Elizabeth Barrett's teacher, and he is duly praised in her poem "Wine of Cypress". When she was twenty-six "Prometheus Bound and Miscellaneous Poems" was published—and again the critics waxed severe despite the comment caused by a translation from the Greek by a woman.

The next year Miss Barrett's health failed, and after an illness of twelve months she went with her eldest and favorite brother to convalesce at Torquay. There in the warm sunny climate she regained much of her former health.

One summer morning, shortly before her return home, Miss Barrett was sitting on the balcony watching her brother and two of his friends who had gone out for a sail. Suddenly before her very eyes the gluttonous sea cruelly drew down the small boat and the three helpless young boys.

Blaming herself for her brother's death, since he had come to Torquay because of her health, Elizabeth was prostrate with sorrow and remorse. The sound of the wind's moaning, and the booming of the waves against the cold gray rocks haunted her all winter; her life seemed a hideous nightmare. For seven long years she lived—an invalid in a darkened room in London, seeing almost no one—reading and composing her greatest solace. During this time she published "The Seraphim and other Poems"—the ballad "The Romance of the Page," and finally, when she was thirty-five, a complete edition of her poems.

The critics appreciated the originality of Miss Barrett's poetry but condemned the frequent obscurity of meaning and irregularity of rhyme, and were quite surprised when the public so enthusiastically delighted in some of her shorter compositions. Such poems as "The Cry of the Children" which voices the protest of humanity against child-labor appealed greatly to the readers of that period; and Tennyson and Browning were temporarily overshadowed as Elizabeth Barrett was seriously considered for the position of poet laureate.

Her wooing was as unusually daring and romantic as even the most idealistic could wish for. A reference to Browning in her charming poem "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" led him to write to Elizabeth Barrett seeking an interview. This having reluctantly been granted, he rushed at once to see her, and poured out his passionate tale of love to the bewildered lady. At first she thought his fervent outburst only an enthusiast's dream—she had felt herself so secure from love's attack—but finally yielding to his continued persuasion and the promptings of her heart she married him. Regardless of the fact that this marriage caused Mr. Barrett to disinherit his daughter it turned out to be, perhaps, the most happy and successful match ever made.

The ideal romance of the love of Robert and Elizabeth Browning is reflected in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese"—without doubt the most exquisitely sincere and rapturously inspiring poems ever composed. They were written without the knowledge of Browning, who was wont to call his wife, playfully, his "little Portuguese", and so the title seemed almost a veil for the emotional frankness of the feelings nearest her heart. This book is Mrs. Browning's greatest gift to the world. It is the best-known and loved of all of her works and portrays her at her best—human, tender and loving.

Three years after her marriage her only son was born, and the Brownings' happiness was complete. Both husband and wife had a sympathetic purpose in life—and "the completeness of their union arose not only from the rare qualities each possessed—but from their perfect adaption to each other."

It was now that most of Mrs. Browning's strongest work was accomplished. Her love having awakened in her unrealized strength, she imparted it to her poetry. She entered whole-heartedly into the aspirations of Italy in its struggle against the tyranny of Austria, and her "Casa Guidi Windows" is an emotion combination of poetry and politics. Shortly after this came "Aurora Leigh", a novel in verse, in which the poetic and enthusiastic heroine reminded one of the poet herself.

After fifteen years of peace, contentment, and breathless romance the bond between the Brownings was severed when Elizabeth Barrett Browning died suddenly at Florence, Italy, 1861.

Heart-broken, grief-stricken, Robert Browning wandered listlessly through the home where he had been once so happy. With tears in his eyes he looked at the little table where his wife had worked beside his own larger one and with a little sigh smiled bravely down at the small boy clutching his hand.

Virginia Sclater



Graduation Exercises

Wednesday, June 27, 1928

Music	High School Orchestra
Address of Welcome	Jeanette M. Silvernail
Early Colonial Schools	Mary Elizabeth Young
Vocal Solo	Elizabeth Kelly
Old Time School Books	Clayton W. Nesbit
The Secondary School Movement	Lillian A. Sauer
Music	High School Orchestra
Educational Pioneering in Berkshire	Claudine M. Hinckley
The School and Teacher of Today	Joseph P. Hayes
Pro-Merito and Special Awards	
	John B. Cummings, Esq., Chairman of School Board
Presentation of Diplomas	Honorable Jay P. Barnes, Mayor of Pittsfield

Scholarship Honors

Central Building

First Honor: Clayton William Nesbit

Second Honor: Joseph Patrick Hayes

Commercial Building

First Honor: Lillian Anna Sauer

Second Honor: Jeanette Marie Silvernail

PRO-MERITO

Albert Mendes Alvaro	Clayton William Nesbit
Fannie Betts	Robert Nelson Perry
Bernice Bertha Bradway	Helen Ledyard Pfund
Ethel Marian Harwood	Annie Holroyd Redfearn
Joseph Patrick Hayes	Lillian Anna Sauer
Claudine Marie Hinckley	Jeanette Marie Silvernail
Betty Hulsman	Archie Kirkland Sloper, Jr.
Toini Sofia Kettunen	Samuel Arthur Spratlin
John William McClaren, Jr.	Anna Emelia Welz
Samuel Nelson	Mary Elizabeth Young

SPECIAL AWARDS

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Virginia Helene Sclater

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History

Archie Kirkland Sloper, Jr.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for Excellence in Mathematics and Science

Joseph Patrick Hayes

Awards for Proficiency in Typewriting

Fannie Betts

Bernice Bertha Bradway

Helen Elizabeth Gifford

Grace Pauline Nagelschmidt

Jeanette Marie Silvernail

Dorothy Priscilla Wellspeak



MISS RACHEL MORSE

It is with the sincerest gratitude that we shall remember our class advisor, Miss Rachel Morse, both for her aid to us as a senior class and her friendship to us as individuals.

Who's Who Central

JANE ALDRICH

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Handwork, Glee, First Aid, Home Nursing, Radio. Home Room Secretary.

*He who gets Jane will know his tarts,
For she has studied household arts.*

ALBERT ALVARO

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Pen, Public Speaking. Secretary Student's Council. Pro Merito. Shortest boy.

*In languages he is a star—
All others he excels by far.*

GEORGE BASTOW

School: Plunkett. Clubs: C. M. T. C., Etiquette. Track '25, '26, '27, '28, Football '25, '26, '27.

*George is a good sport all around;
In future life he'll stand his ground.*

GEORGE BEEBE

School: Plunkett Junior High, Home Room President. Clubs: Student's Pen, Public Speaking. Editor-in-chief of Student's Pen, Prom Committee, Senior Play Reading Committee in 1928, Senior Play 1927-1928, Basketball Manager 1927-1928. Class Prophecy, Class Actor.

*Editor, student, and actor, too—
Do we like George?—you bet we do!*

KATHRYN BERGSTROM, "Kay Jay Bee"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Radio, Student's Pen, Business Manager of the Pen, Most business-like girl, Wittiest girl, Most carefree girl, (Math. Shark).

*The "Student's Pen" need never fear,
If it's managed as well as this next year.*

LOUISE BREWER, "Lou"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Glee. Home Room Treasurer, Class Treasurer, Junior year, Cutest Girl.

*What would our class be without Lou?
Beauty, pep. and lots of "It", too.*

PHILIP BRUNO, "Flip"

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Orchestra. Baseball '25, '26, '27, Football '27, Basketball '26, '27, '28, Class Athlete.

*With many honors "Flip" will pass—
The peppy athlete of this class.*

AMELIA BUCKY

School: St. Xavier Academy, Chicago, Ill. Clubs: First Aid, Radio, Handwork. Basketball.

*Amelia, an attractive brown haired lass,
Surpasses all in swimming class.*

CARL E. BUTLER

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Public Speaking. Home Room President, Room 20, Football '27, Prom Committee.

*Eddy's a good-all-'round, likeable boy
Whose tactics with ladies are really quite coy.*

ALMAS BUTTERFIELD

*School: Kingfield Grammar.
We've never heard much from this lad,
But just see all the friends he's had!*

KENNETH CARD

School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Radio.
Impassive and quiet is Kenneth's "rep"
But out on a party—has he got pep!

HELEN CARPINO

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Radio, Handwork. Prom Committee Pen Column.

When Helen comes up with her smile so sweet,
She has an appeal that is hard to defeat.

VIRGINIA CATALANO

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork, Home Hygiene.
Virginia's bright and lots of fun, too,
She always has a smile for you!

EUGENE CLARK

School: Richmond North.
In school he always toes the mark—
That unobtrusive boy named Clark.

RUTH COOKE, "Billie"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork. Baseball '27, '28, Capt. Basketball '28.

Household arts, basketball, lessons too,
We present our best all 'round girl to you.

CLARISSA DECELLES

Schools: Rice Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Club: Etiquette.
This quiet, demure, and studious lass
Is quite an addition to our class.

THOMAS DeFAZIO

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: Debating. Class Day Speaker, Class Play.
His charm as a chauffeur we all know well,
And we can other praises tell.

WELLS DODGE

Schools: Fessenden and Andover.
To be sure there are many things he knows,
But above all, he knows his clothes.

JOHN DONNA

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Varsity. Baseball '27, Football '26, '27, Assembly Chairman.

John may be rather silent in class,
But when on the platform just watch his eyes flash.

HARLAND DONNELL

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Mathematic. Football.
He sure is a terror where girls are concerned,
And he breaks many hearts by a technique well learned.

FRANCIS DOUGLAS

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Varsity, Student's Pen, Public Speaking. Baseball.

In History he's quite a shark,
But pick somebody else to park!

HELEN DWYER

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork. Prom Committee.
Quietly she comes and goes,
But all the while there's much she knows.

REGINALD ELLIS

School: Newport (VT) High. Varsity, Basketball '27, '28.
A pleasant way, a pleasant smile,
Plenty of pep, and lots of style!

WILLIAM ERAMO

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Varsity. Track '26, '27.
Though he's not our best student all must confess,
Just give him a chance and he'll be a success.

BEULAH FARNAM

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Glee, Assistant Treasurer, Class Play, Class Day Committee, Class, Gift, Tallest girl.
Of this girl's charms we all can tell,
And we all like her very well.

BERNARD FIELDS

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette and Math.
Bernard has a sunny smile,
That has all others beat a mile.

WILLIAM FOLAN

School: Dawes Junior High. Commander C. M. T. C.
This class will always be happy, 'till
Somebody walks away with Bill.

FRANK FORD

School: Dawes Junior High.
We all agree with one accord,
That we will always like Frank Ford.

ROSEMARY GANNON

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Home Room President, Vice-President, Junior "A", Alumni Editor of Pen 1926-27.

Smart and studious, what more
Could this class of ours ask for?

RUSSELL GILMORE

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Current Events, Glee, Orchestra. Class Musician.

With Mendelssohn's and Wagner's fame
People will soon compare his name.

WILLIAM GIMLICH

School: East Chatham Grammar. Clubs: Radio, Glee, Student's Council. President of Radio Club, Prom Committee, Class History.

He may be flowery in his speech,
But you can just bet he's a peach!

FLORENCE GOODMAN

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette.
Florence, although a quiet lass,
Can hold her own in every class.

HELEN GORTON

School: Joseph Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Basketry, Glee, Posture. Class gigler.
The description of Helen is quite simple—
Rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and two dimples.

EARL GRIFFEN

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Radio, Student's Pen. Baseball.
Earl seems very coy and shy,
But he'll surprise us by and by.

ETHEL HARWOOD

School: Brier, Mass. Club: Posture. Quietest girl.
Our quietest girl, and now, no doubt,
The boys will take that stillness out.

JOSEPH HAYES

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Debating. Student's Council, President Club, President Senior Class, Salutatorian, Class Day Speaker, Banquet Speaker, Commencement Speaker, Ring Committee, Prom Committee, Oratorical Champion of Western Mass., Home Room Officer, Class Orator, Most Popular Boy, Cleverest Boy.
By his orations he's won fame;
With Cicero we'll pair his name.

MARTHA E. HICK

School: Joseph Tucker. Club: Handwork Prom Committee, Leading Lady in Play, Prettiest Girl.

For beauty, acting—here's our choice—
A beautiful face and a pleasant voice.

MINNIE HILDEBRANT, "Babsy"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Public Speaking. Prom Committee.
Many, many things she knows,
From telling jokes—to Latin prose.

PAULINE HILLBERG

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Glee Class Secretary '27, '28, Class Play, Prom Committee, Class Will, Most Popular Girl, Best Girl Dancer, Class Vamp.
Of all our girls she is the queen—
Popular, clever sweet Pauline.

CLAUDINE HINCKLEY

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Home Nursing, Posture, First Aid. Prom Committee, Model Girl Student.
How smart and sweet is our Claudine!
A better friend was never seen.

DOROTHY HOPPE

School: Public School No. 56, Bronx, N. Y. Club: Etiquette.
We all like her and none of us doubt her,
We couldn't get along without her.

BETTY HULSMAN

School: Dawes Junior High. Prom Committee, Pro Merito, Speaker at Banquet, Editor of Poetry Dept. of Pen, '27 '28, Gift Committee, Cleverest Girl.
As poetry editor we owe her a lot,
And as—cleverest girl—she will ne'er be forgot.

JOHN E. JOYCE

Schools: Nugent and Plunkett. Clubs: Debating, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Dramatics, Current Events. Track '27, Secretary Debating Club '26, Prom Committee, Senior Play Assistant, Pen Column, Class Day Speaker, Handsomest Boy, Cutest Boy.
Our best-looking youth is Johnny Joyce
He has it over all the boys.

ELIZABETH KELLY, "Billie"
School: Joseph Tucker Junior High.
Clubs: Handwork and Glee.
*Good natured Billie we rejoice
Whene'er we hear her cheerful voice.*

ANNE KENNEDY
School: Rice Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Club: Handwork. Prom Committee. Shortest Girl, Class Pet Girl.
*Attention! Our pet girl is Anne,
Can she vamp boys? And how she can!*

MILTON KENYON
School: Mercer Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Current Events.
*"Know your lessons?" Always, "Yes".
A boy like this is a sure success.*

WALTER J. KONRADY
School: Immaculate Conception, Waverly High., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Clubs: Orchestra and Glee, P. H. S.
*He came from out of town—
We should treat him courteously.*

MARTHA LEVINE, "Mart"
School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee Student's Pen, Dramatic.
*A maiden with manner so sweet and serene,
Is our popular classmate named Martha Levine.*

RAYMOND LEWIS
School: West Otis Grammar. Track Team '28.
*Raymond observes and says never a word,
Of "still waters run deep" he must have heard.*

RAYMOND LIBRIZZI
School: Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Debating. Baseball '27.
*Raymond's good in school and out,
But then, you know that without doubt.*

DORIS LINDSEY, "Lindy"
School: Northeast Grammar, Richmond, Mass. Club: Etiquette.
*Doris is helpful when classes seem dreary,
Her gay spirit's catching,—her manner so cheery.*

PHILIP LIPSHEEZ
Schools: Tucker Junior High. Club: Debating, Radio. Debating Club Secretary.
*If anyone's wished luck, it will
Be our well-liked classmate Phil.*

HERMAN LUNDBERG, "Lindy"
School: Dawes Junior High. C. M. T. C.
*Herm's marks may not be all they should be
If he worked as he plays jazz—they would be.*

JOHN McCLAREN, JR.
School: Cannellsille, Pa. High. Clubs: Debating and Etiquette. Prom Committee, Senior Class Treasurer, Banquet Committee, Pro Merito, Class Pet Boy.
*"John is a useful boy", we muse;
He spends his time collecting dues.*

MARGARET McNALLY
Schools: Russell Grammar, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork. Prom Committee.
*There is no boy in all our school,
Would not succumb to Margaret's rule.*

FREDERICK MARDEN
Schools: Strickland Grammar, Barrows Grammar, State Street Junior High (in Springfield), Pomeroy Junior High. Club P. H. S. Etiquette.
*From his shoes—a la mode—to his well-groomed head
Everyone in this class likes Fred.*

JASON MARTIN
School: Tucker Grammar. Clubs: Glee, Alpha Sigma Gamma, Varsity. Senior Play, Statistics Committee, Gift Committee, Basketball '27, '26, '28. Football '27, Wittiest Boy.
*If his History note-book is a fake
None of this class will graduate.*

SAMUEL MARTIN
*A pleasant, cheery, bright young man
Is this best-of-all sports named Sam.*

HELEN MERRITT
School: Hinsdale Center. Clubs: Etiquette, Handwork, Posture, Home Nursing.
*"Ask Helen," that's what they all say;
We know she'll tell us any day.*

JOHN NAGLESCHMIDT
School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Current Events, Radio, C. M. T. C. Prom Committee.
*When called "Joseph" by Mr. Russell
You ought to see this young man hustle!*

SAMUEL NELSON
School: Patrick Henry Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Pro Merito.

WILLIAM NEWMAN
School: Mark Hopkin's N. A. Club: Current Events.
*There is no doubt that he's a boy
To fill a lady's heart with joy.*

CORA NOONAN
School: Plunkett Junior High. Student's Pen—Business Dept.
*She's as good a sport as a girl can be,
And a friend of all is Cora-lee.*

CLAYTON NESBIT
School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Glee. Class President '26, '27, Vice-President '27, '28, Junior Prom Committee, Senior Play Committee, Senior Play Business Manager, Student's Council, Graduation Speaker, Class Day Speaker, Pro Merito, Valedictorian, Most Business-like Boy, Model Boy Student.
*Here we have our model student
Peppy, but wise; carefree, but, prudent.*

PHILIP O'LAUGHLIN
School: Crane Junior High. Football '27.
*Phil knows his History 'tis true
And what is more his onions, too.*

ALICE PAGEREY
School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Glee, Public Speaking.
*Sweet, charming, demure, and attractive is
Alice
And if she's your friend, you know what a pal is.*

ELSIE PEPOON
School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Glee. Prom Committee.
*She's lots of fun and intellectual,
But her stream of talk is most perpetual.*

ROBERT PERRY
School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Orchestra, Student's Pen. Refreshment Committee, Junior Prom Banquet Committee, Class Play, Pro Merito, Class Day Program.
*Eyes of blue and smile so merry
Our clever juvenile, Bob Perry.*

HELEN PFUND
School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen. Pro Merito, Class Poet.
*History, Latin, neither appal
Her poetry is the best of all.*

THURSTON PILSBURY
School: Tucker Junior High. Club: Public Speaking. Track '26, '27, '28, Student's Council.
*Since library slips and "Phil" must part,
How can he win his lady's heart?*

JOSEPH PIZZUTO
School: Tucker Junior High.
*While he's in school, while he's out,
Everyone likes him, without doubt.*

EDNA PRESTON
*Because she's quiet we aren't to blame
She likes a good joke just the same.*

JEAN RANKIN
Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Handwork.
*With original charm that is quite her own
Jean makes a hit wherever she's known.*

ANNIE REDFEARN
School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Handwork. Junior Prom Committee, Play Committee, Pro Merito.
*No mixing task this girl dismays
From handling boys—to Senior plays.*

HELEN RICHARDS
Schools: "Red", Center, Richmond, Mass. Clubs: Etiquette, Dramatic.
*Helen never rides in boats
But just the same she knows her oats.*

CLAYTON ROBERTSON
School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Debating, Radio.
*There isn't much he doesn't know
But then some girl has told you so.*

WILLARD ROBERTS
School: Richmond Grammar.
*Judging from his cheerful smile
We'd say he's happy all the while.*

HILDA ROY

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Handwork. Home Room Treasurer.

*An industrious scholar is Hilda Roy
Does she know her languages—Oh Boy.*

LENA SANGIOVANNI

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: Glee.
*We all like Lena's winning ways
As she smiles the "smiles that always pays".*

VIRGINIA SCLATER

School: Miss Mills. Clubs: Dramatics, Glee. Prom Committee.
*Lots of pep and witty too
We all like "Ginny"—that's true.*

DONALD SHEPARD

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, Radio. President of Radio Club.
*Just try to convince him that something is so
He doesn't "think he's got to know."*

FAY SKOLETSKY

School: Tucker Junior High.
*Very elusive is small flapper Fanny
And quite hard to catch—ask any young
"manny".*

KIRK SLOPER

School: Plunkett Junior High, C. M. T. C., Student's Pen Exchange Editor, Hi-Y, Prom Committee, Senior Play, Class Prophecy, Pro Merito, Best all-around-boy, Best Natured Boy.
*A clever, ingenious boy is Kirk
With talent for acting and weakness for work.*

SAMUEL SPRATLIN

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Student's Council.
*Of all the girls most anywhere
Who could resist Sam's bright red hair?*

MARTIN SURRETTE

School: Dalton High. Clubs: Orchestra, Etiquette, Dramatics. Prom Committee, Class Prophecy, Best Boy Dancer, Class Shiek.

*As our class sheik comes up the aisle
Watch the girls begin to smile.*

MARGARET THOMSON

School: Plunkett Junior High. Clubs: Dramatic, Handwork, Glee. Prom Committee.
*If you want to know what's what in clothes
Ask Margaret—you bet she knows.*

ORION TREAT, "Bud"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Etiquette, C. M. T. C., Orchestra. Most Care-free Boy.
*His steady stream of lively chatter
Keep us doubled up with laughter.*

PAUL VOLOSCO

School: Crane Junior High. Clubs: Radio, C. M. T. C.
*A quite, delightful boy is he
Ever may he successful be.*

DORIS WATERMAN

School: No. 24, Albany, N. Y. Clubs: Handwork, Student's Pen.
*Though Doris gets peeved at us once in a while
She soon makes it up with her likeable smile.*

ELIZABETH YOUNG, "Betty"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Current Events, Public Speaking. Student's Council, Banquet Speaker, Graduation Speaker, Pro-Merito.
*Student's council, and pro-merito, too
There's nothing that this girl can't do.*

WINSLOW ZAUCHE

School: Dawes Junior High. Club: Radio Secretary and Treasurer of Radio.
*Because he is quite a lad
Boys like this are quite a fad.*

*Betty Hulsman, Virginia Sclater
Helen Carpino, John Joyce*

Class Day==Central

Class Day Program

Tuesday, June 27th

Opening Chorus	Class
Skit	Thomas DeFazio, John Joyce, Russell Gilmore, at piano
Address to Athletes	Betty Young
Address to the Undergraduate	Clayton Nesbit
O Sole Mio	Martin Surrette
Sketches	Ernest Olsen, Robert Perry
Bits of Humor	John Donna
Gifts to Class Members	Kirkland Sloper
Prophecy	George H. Beebe
Address to the Faculty	Joseph Hayes
Presentation of Gift to the School	
Class Song	Class

Committees

Class Will—John Donna, Pauline Hillberg, Kathryn Bergstrom.

Class Prophecy—Martin Surrette, George Beebe, Kirkland Sloper.

Class Statistics—John McClaren, Beulah Farnam, Sam Spratlin, Jason Martin.

Who's Who Committee—Helen Carpino, Robert Perry, John Joyce, Virginia Sclater, Betty Hulsman, Helen Pfund.

Address To The Athletes

EVERY class has its athletes and ours is no exception. There are "Harley" Donnell, Jason Martin, William Eramo, George Bastow, John Donna, "Dave" Dellert, "Flip" Bruno, "Sam" Ellis, Thurston Pillsbury, "Eddie" Butler, Ruth Cooke, and Amelia Buckey.

These boys and girls certainly are to be congratulated on the many victories that they have added to our school record. They have given no end of time and effort to the various sports, and have received no scholastic reward for it. But, it seems to me that they are to be congratulated even more on the manner in which they won these victories, and the way in which they took their defeats. I believe that everyone of these athletes without exception is a true sport through and through. There has never been any feeling of jealousy existing among the players. They have cooperated to the best of their ability in order to turn out winning teams. Not always have they had a large student body to cheer them on when things were looking "pretty glum", but they didn't give up. They forged their way ahead and came out on top.

Have you ever heard of Hugh Jennings? He was the idol of baseball fans for thirty-five years. All through his life, you will find, there were others better than he, yet he always won. He could not hit, but by constant practice he became one of the greatest hitters. He could not run fast, but by "sticking to the

job," he became a great base runner. He had no opportunities for an education, but by sheer perseverance he became a college graduate and a lawyer. He was scoffed at as a manager and became one of the greatest. Always he seized the opportunity. Possibly luck played a part in offering opportunities, but Jennings won by seeing them and grasping them.

You athletes of the sophomore, junior and senior B classes may not turn out the winning teams that we have, but always remember:

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But, if you lose or if you win,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

Betty Young

Address to the Undergraduates

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And P. H. S. fulfills itself in many ways."

—With apologies to Tennyson

WHETHER the change is for better or for worse is too delicate a subject for discussion here, because I do not wish to antagonize my listeners thus soon.

To answer the question you have but to look for yourselves and see amongst us representatives of the most famous figures of the past, such as Cicero, Roscius, Raphael, and Liszt. Amongst us, too, are those whose talents are not obvious but latent and who, like Cincinnatus, will meet and conquer whatever problems may oppose them.

I say this in order that you may know our qualifications for offering you advice which, such as it is, is sincere.

In order that you may maintain your new-born supremacy, we advise, Senior "B's", that you exercise the privilege of intimidating the Sophomores who inhabit the second floor with fear and trembling. At present, when the Senior A's form in battle array, they scatter with a truly remarkable speed which would win the inter-class meet, if transferred to the common.

Since you are to spend your happy lordly hours in the dignified and hallowed chambers of the second floor, I will set forth for your edification a few words concerning the gigantic guardian of the south end at recess. Be not alarmed by the judicial atmosphere which is created by his very presence, for he is no longer the roaring lion of the chemistry class. You will become acclimated and will be imbued with the dignity befitting your station. On rare occasions, however, you may put aside that dignity and engage in the exhilarating game of leap-frog while the Argos is away. Beware of his smile for you can never be sure whether he is laughing with you or at you. His favorite exclamations are: "Now, boys, don't get too rough," and, "Have a care." What he says when he is really angry we leave for you to discover.

Turn now your thoughts to Latin. We suggest that you continue the daily Latin class which has held session from 7.45 to 8.15. Should Mr. Goodwin see

you be not alarmed, for such a sight merely inspires him to compose those bi-weekly tests which would make Aeneas regret his wanderings, could he see the class of embarrassed and fidgeting Seniors. In room 16, you will also learn that certain things are so if you know it, and also if you don't. The latter part of that statement holds true in most cases.

However, Senior "B's" we do not wish to disclose all the sacred mysteries which make the Senior "A" year a brief, joyous reign, potent with future memories. Yours is the privilege of being so many Marco Polos sailing a precarious course infested with deficiencies, while exploring the mysteries of caverns ruled by nymphs and satyrs.

Let us add, too, preserve untarnished the shining splendor of the *Student's Pen*, both in respect to its literary and artistic development.

May the talent which your class has shown through your representatives in the Student Council raise you aloft to the heights of achievement our class has known.

You have been very attentive. We salute you and in ancient manner bid you farewell. Vale . . . vale . . . vale.

Clayton Nesbit

Class Prophecy

BACK in the year 1928, the graduating class of Pittsfield High School received a request from President Coolidge (duly ratified by Mrs. Bennett), informing the members that, since we were the brightest graduating class in the world, he had chosen us to go West for the purpose of settling and developing the wilds of Death Valley in California. So, on the fourth of July, 1928, our extraordinary class embarked for the great open spaces in twenty-five covered wagons headed by O. B. Joyful, as a guide, in his famous uncovered wagon. We three—Kirkland Sloper, George Beebe, and Martin Surrence—were the only ones who were unable to go on account of a lengthy theatrical contract with Ikie O'Brien, the great Russian producer, in his tragedy, "Fallen Arches."

After fifteen years of knocking about the country with this show, we at last arrived to play an engagement in Bulger Junction, the town founded by our classmates in P. H. S. It was not long before we began to renew our acquaintances with our old friends, for at the station we were greeted by a large delegation headed by George Bastow, who led the crowd in a zestful cheer of "Hi-zap-zip-zo." The taxi company offered to take us to the hotel free of charge, but when we saw that the driver of our cab was Thomas DeFazio, we decided to take the street-car. Behold! the eighth wonder of the world stood before us—the original Tooner-ville trolley imported direct from Hinsdale, and also the ninth wonder—Skipper Walter J. Konrady, the conductor. On the car were four town gossips, Mistress Waterman, Mistress Merritt, Mistress Lindsey, and Mistress Harwood, who would not deign to recognize us ham actors. As we rumbled along the street, Walter pointed out to us many interesting features of the town. Among them was a statue in the park of John F. Nagelschmidt, who had conceived the idea of the Listerine Onion, an odorless breakfast food for little tots. Near the park we saw the large grocery store of Robertson and Butterfield, who were holding

their annual fire sale. Next door to their establishment was "The Sanitary Sausage Factory" which was run by Jean Rankin and Margaret McNally. Walter told us that at the present they were making both ends "meat."

Suddenly the shriek of a fire engine was heard, and, on looking out of the window, we saw John Hurley's manly form at the wheel of a ponderous truck with Eugene Clark hanging on the tail end, as it came hurtling down the boulevard. Out of the crowd rushed Police Officer Bill Folan, who, hurrying into the center of the street, stopped the oncoming truck to allow the town dude, Wells Dodge, to cross. Soon after this, we saw Orion Treat parading up and down the street with a sandwich board on his back advertising the "Dead Fish Hash House", a restaurant which was run by Virginia Sclater and Francis Douglas.

Finally we reached the "Blow Inn", which was managed by Fred Marden, and which was to be our stopping place for the day. Here we met Helen Dwyer, who was desk clerk, chief cook, and bottle washer. When Miss Dwyer had assigned us to our rooms, she called the bell-boy, Albert Alvaro, who was much engrossed in Cicero's latest dime novel, "How I Became Tall."

After washing up, we received a message from the office, informing us that the mayor wished to see us. Upon descending, we were introduced to the famous mayor, "Bossy" Nesbit. We were then surrounded by a swarm of photographers, who were headed by Winslow Zauche. They insisted on taking our pictures for the *Daily Bath*, a newspaper edited by Kay Bergstrom. As soon as they departed, we entered the dining-room to lunch with the mayor. The hotel orchestra, "Lundberg's Soup Serenaders", struck up the tune of "Here Comes The Bride," and little Minnie Hildebrandt, the petite toe dancer, fluttered out into the middle of the floor to entertain us. The waitress, who was Lena Sangiovanni, served us some delicious baby beef from Bernard Field's pig farm.

As we talked with Mayor Nesbit, he told us many interesting things about our old classmates. He said that Joe Hayes, the well known orator and politician, was in Congress, and had been speaking for eleven days for the purpose of securing a new high school in Bulger Junction. A great part of Joe's success was due to the untiring efforts of Philip Lipsheez, his private secretary. He related to us that at a recent court sitting, John Donna, district attorney, told a real joke, and Helen Gorton, who was on the jury, nearly died laughing. She was rushed to the hospital and was being attended night and day by Clarissa Decelles and Dorothy Hoppe. We certainly felt sorry for Helen. Florence Goodman had returned to Pittsfield for a short time to do some missionary work in the wilds of Jordan Avenue. He also informed us that when they built the new high school in Pittsfield (date unknown), the old building was moved to Bulger Junction and was now being redecorated by Ernest Olsen, who, at the present time, was painting a picture of Professor Joseph Pizzuto on the roof as an advertisement for a new patent medicine. As we were eating our dessert, he told us that Betty Young, who owned a huge factory which was called the "Early Riser Mattress Company", was now traveling in search of some Goofer feathers for her "Bigger and Better Mattress" drive.

After lunch, we entered the lobby where we enjoyed a short radio program. The announcer was Raymond Lewis, who introduced Elsie Pepoon, the famous

bass soloist. She sang a song entitled, "When Bananas Are in Season, I'll Come Sliding Back to You." The renowned poet, Helen Pfund, gave a short talk and recited a recent poem called, "Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Cloud; It Looks Like Rain." After Miss Pfund's recitation, Donald Shepherd rendered a banjo duet, assisted by a trio composed of Edna Preston, Alice Pagery, and Bill Newman, who had just returned from an engagement at the "Cheshire Cat". The program was concluded with a piano recital by Russelatto Gilmoretsky, the protege of Paderewski.

As we left the hotel, we were accosted by Bill Gimlich and Frank Ford, who wished to give us a demonstration in their new car, the "Fordlich". As we were riding by a billboard, we saw a sign advertising two shows, in which were former classmates of ours. At the "Red Dome Theater", Sam Spratlin was starring in "Flaming Youth." On the same bill was the famous beauty, Martha Hick, who had recently won her ninety-ninth beauty contest at Four Corners, Montana. At the Tyler, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was playing with an all star cast including Betty Hulsman as Little Eva and Earl Griffin as Uncle Tom. The sign also stated that through the courtesy of the Donnell Ice Co., ice was being supplied for the river scene. Bill asked us if we would like to see a good game of baseball, which was taking place at Springside Park. We said that we would, and so very shortly we were seated in the stands, waiting for the home team to take its place in the field. The game was between Bulger Junction and the gas house gang from Walla Walla. It proved very interesting, for a number of our old friends were members of the team. Bruno was pitching ball, while over the fence we could see Ed Butler pitching hay on his huge farm. Eramo was the left and right fielder, but Kenneth Card, who was the champion batter, was unable to play because he had been arrested the day before for stealing a base. The game ended with Bulger Junction winning by an overwhelming score of 2 to 1.

After the game, we made our way back to the hotel, and seating ourselves in the lounging room, began to read the evening paper. The headlines told us that Amelia Buckey, who was attempting a "Round-the-World-Swim", had just reached Hong Kong. Milton Kenyon, the sleuth for the Kraft Cheese Company in East Bulger, was hot on the trail of some cheese smugglers. We read the announcement of Claudine Hinkley's new book, "Masculine Psychology or Bigger and Better Boy Scouts", printed by the S. Martin and O'Laughlin Co., publishers and breeders of book-worms. We laughed at a cartoon in the paper, which was drawn by Bob Perry and represented Beulah Farnam and Annie Kennedy, the modern "Muff and Jett." Willard Roberts and Paul Voloscove had entered a non-speaking contest seven years ago, and neither of them had spoken yet. On the sporting page was the item that Jason Martin had become the champion pugilist of the world after having knocked out "Red" Hot, the former champion. On the last page in large type, was the announcement that Louise Brewer had resigned her position as private secretary to Rin-Tin-Tin and had taken employment as a singer in a tea room. Sam Nelson had recently won a slogan contest conducted by the Anti-Gum-Chewers-Association. His slogan was, "If You Want to Chew, Chew Your Finger-Nails." The association in this region

was headed by Jane Aldrich and Annie Redfearn, who because of their exalted anti-gum positions, were getting stuck up.

When we had finished reading our paper, we went into the dining-room for dinner. There, we discovered that a banquet was being held by the teachers of the town. We learned that Rosemary Gannon was teacher, principal, and superintendent of the high school. Pauline Hillberg was conducting a kindergarten for sophomores, and was successfully bringing them up. Martha Levine had become a distinguished elocution teacher, and spent many hours practicing her art on the parrots in Virginia Catalano's Bird Shop. Helen Carpino, the noted French teacher, had recently decided to go on the stage, and was trying for the part of a maid in "The Whole Town's Squawking."

Having plenty of time before our evening performance, we decided to walk to the theater. On the way, we met John McClaren, president of the Shrimp Insurance Company, which insures fish against drowning. Much to our surprise, Scotty took us into Librizzi's Cigar Store, bought us a two cent cigar and divided it among us. When we left Johnny, we passed Cooke's Pool Room, where Ruth was giving swimming lessons. Going by Noonan's Department Store, we saw John Joyce giving a window demonstration on "How To Keep That School Girl Complexion." Fay Skoletsky was in the other window displaying gowns, which were designed by Margaret Thomson, the famous landscape gardener. We finally arrived at the theater, and, as we were about to enter, we met Thurston Pilsbury and Regie Ellis. Thurston, after training for seven years in the P. H. S. lunch-room, had won the all-American cross-country race and had *jumped* bail in Chicago after being arrested for running too fast. Sammy had invented a non-skid mechanical can opener and had made a fortune with it.

Elizabeth Kelly was the owner of the theater, and she also had a chain of playhouses from Bulger Junction to Stiff Neck, Kentucky. Helen Richards was selling tickets and was reading a series of articles in "Snappy Stories" which she thought would help her gain a better paying position.

We now made our way backstage; and before we knew it, we were appearing before an enthusiastic audience made up largely of our old friends. It was all over too soon, and when the 1.30 train for Herrick Plains pulled out of the station, we took a last look at the town and settled back in our seats, hoping to be able to return again someday. *George H. Beebe A. Kirkland Sloper Martin Surette*

Address to the Faculty

THE inevitable hour has arrived when those friendships cultivated and enjoyed during the past three years must, to some extent be broken. For the future our paths must be through a limitless expanse of doubt and perplexity, illumined only by the refracted beams of hope and courage radiated from those principles of honor and perseverance instilled in us, to a large extent, by those under whose guidance our youth has been passed.

Teachers of Pittsfield High School:—for those years during which you have toiled to give us the advantages which education alone can render, we express our appreciation. For those many acts of kindness on your part, which have bright-

ened our stay in these halls and which have made our life here seem much the more worth living, we are grateful. For those many examples, of honor and integrity which have served and will ever serve as a source of inspiration we thank you.

Other classes, no doubt, have struck firmer chords of co-operation and higher notes of endeavor and accomplishment, but it is with a feeling of pride that I can say no class has ever entertained feelings of more genuine gratitude and heartfelt appreciation for your unselfish efforts than does ours.

It has been the custom to look into the past and thank you, members of the faculty, for what you have given; but we would rather rend asunder the curtain of time and, by peering into the future, see the bountiful harvest which will surely spring from the seeds of integrity and industry which you have planted.

Success,—yes, and failure, too perhaps, await us. Some are destined to sweep away the barriers of opposition and place the banner of ambition upon the pinnacle of achievement. Others, less fortunate, are doomed to fall along the way but whether ours be the laurel crown of victory or the bitter ashes of defeat, we will ever have as our wisest counsel those lessons you have taught us.

Time may dim many of the memories of Pittsfield High School; old friends perhaps will pass into oblivion; but those lessons of patience, courage, and kindness given us by you cannot but serve to mould the course of our future progress.

With our armor shining with the polish of hope and ambition, we stand, awaiting the bugle call of Life. May ours be a story written, as you would have it, in lines of conquest; but a conquest in the sense that only that which is just can ever hope to triumph. May ours be a drama having for its plot the service of humanity; for its climax, the achievement of success along the road which you have shown us of honorable ambition. May ours be a poem dedicated to the eternal glory of that which is right, and permeated with those ideals which you have exemplified for us.

Teachers of Pittsfield High School:—in whatever success we achieve, you have played a noble part. May we put into practice those principles you have instilled in us, and by so doing may the moving force of our story be written in those inspiring and immortal words:

"Sail on, sail on, sail on and on!" *Joseph Hayes*

A History of the Class of June 1928

(Central)

MANY years after the graduation of this class we find Louise Brewer, Annie Redfearn and William Gimlich seated before a brightly glowing fireplace in Louise's magnificent home. The three are in a very reminiscent mood, thus we find them talking over the "good old days" in P. H. S.

Bill: Can you ever forget how funny we all looked when we first came up to High?

Low: I should say not. We must have been a queer-looking group. I know I must have looked scared to death—Those big boys in the senior class looked like giants.

Annie: They certainly did look huge—especially when our “little” boys happened to stand beside one. Herman Lundberg and Bill Folan made me laugh even that first day.

Lou: I guess we all roared at them. Whenever we saw Herm, we saw Bill hanging on to his arm.

Annie: Yes, and those short trousers and black ribbed stockings. They simply couldn't part with them.

Bill: But the change in those two and many more besides after two years! We were all somewhat of the little “goodie-goodie” type when we were sophs.

Lou: Especially where studying was concerned. It surely is a wonder that some managed to survive after spending so much time with their noses in their books.

Bill: Some of us found out how futile it was to waste so much time, so we slacked up a bit—perhaps too much. But we should be proud to know that a few had initiative to “stick it out” so that they could graduate with honors.

Annie: But really, forgetting the books for a while, we had some good times in our Junior and Senior years. They began with that first class meeting that was held up in—Room 6—wasn't it?

Lou: Yes. I'll never forget that room above all. If it could talk, it could tell of some lively discussions that took place in our class meeting, about whether or not to have standard rings or what kinds of dresses the girls were to wear for graduation and how long (or short) they were to be. But that first meeting—. We were having a math class down in room 8, fourth period with Mr. Lucey, when the bulletin came around, saying that there would be an important meeting of the Junior B class. Such an uncontrollable group—we were—just like little kids! But I guess it was to be expected.

Annie: It was the same in our Latin class, too, but Mr. Goodwin soon had us under control.

Bill: There may have been some hilarity when the bulletin was read, but it was nothing compared to what took place between two and three o'clock in the afternoon.

Lou: I guess not. But in spite of it all, we calmed down enough and became sane enough to elect some excellent officers.

Annie: We surely did. Clayton Nesbit had quite a task on his hands to preside as president and to carry out the duties of such an office—but don't think he didn't realize it!

Lou: But for such an important office, he surely was the one. He began being real businesslike the minute he stepped into office.

Bill: Yes, he was just great—and so were Rosemary Gannon (wasn't she vice-president?) and Pauline Hillberg, our secretary. And who was treasurer—?

Lou: You would forget who that was—It was no other than Miss Louise Brewer.

Bill: How could I forget it, Lou, when I was in your home room and I had to forfeit \$.35 a month to you for class tax.

Annie: Those thirty-five cents! We thought we were quite wonderful in

voting to pay that instead of twenty-five cents, but we didn't consider it very wonderful when the first Monday of each month came along.

Bill: I surely didn't envy those home room treasurers their jobs—but the money they collected from us certainly helped out on our Prom.

Lou: The Prom! The one social event in the life of a Junior class.

Annie: And ours was an event, too. Some said we made exactly \$1.69 and others insisted that we lost \$3.00. I chose to believe the first, whether true or not. At least it sounds better.

Lou: On the afternoon of June 10, the Girls' League did look beautiful, decorated in pink and white—but after the dance was over, the hall looked as if a cyclone had struck it.

Bill: Let me see—oh yes, it was Mr. Lucey who was our advisor that year, wasn't it?

Lou: Yes it was. I don't know whether he considered the task of advising us very difficult, but I'm sure I wouldn't have wanted to have been in his place. Did Mr. Lucey go to Boston to teach during that year?

Annie: No—it was somewhere near the end of our Senior B year and didn't we all know it when he left. Room 8 was never a meeting place and lunchroom at noontime after he left. Mr. Rudman, his follower, made sure to lock the dear room up on the sound of the second bell for lunch.

Lou: And his going made a change in rooms for class meetings, too. We journeyed back to room 6 and Miss Morse became our faithful guiding star.

Bill: We changed all our officers, too, didn't we? Joseph Hayes became president; Clayton Nesbit hopped into vice-presidency; ever-faithful Pauline remained in office to take down the minutes she never read, and John MacClaren took care of the money—and how much had to be taken care of during that eventful year!

Annie: One thing he didn't have to do, though, was to collect the money for our class rings. Each one paid for his own when he got it from the jewelers.

Lou: Just think! Those very rings the P. H. S. students are wearing now—we chose so many years ago, and were the first to wear them.

Annie: Quite an honor, I should say. But I hope they have made the printing of the dates correct on them by this time. I don't believe I shall ever forget the day Mrs. Bennett asked us when Pittsfield became a city. We all thought we'd be smart, so we proceeded to find out the date from the seal on our rings. We all said “1881”. Mrs. Bennett saw immediately that we had been fooled, for she knew, for a fact, that Pittsfield became a city in 1891. Of course, we didn't think anything about those rings was wrong.

Bill: I remember that day; and, believe me, I profited from that little lecture she gave us that day. It was about letting such simple things “throw us off the track”, when we don't really know the truth. Some of the things she said that day remain with me today, even if the facts of “How a Bill Becomes a Law” have not.

Lou: Probably “The Whole Town's Talking” helped to prevent some of those dry facts from being absorbed.

Annie: Oh dear, we could talk about that play for hours. Everyone enjoyed getting ready for it, and all were well repaid for their efforts.

Bill: They surely were. It went off wonderfully well both nights, and the audience was very well pleased.

Lou: We gave it outside, didn't we?

Bill: Yes, we gave it in the new Boys' Club, don't you remember? The auditorium was completely filled; some were even standing.

Lou: Well that shows how much the people appreciated the good acting of our cast. Martha Hick looked darling, and George Beebe and Kirk Sloper just had the people roaring with their little arguments.

Annie: Everyone did his part very well—but they never could have done it, if it had not been for the excellent coaching they received from Mrs. Guy Jeter. The whole class was surely grateful for all she did in making that play the success that it was.

Bill: The town of Pittsfield surely did talk the next few days. If it hadn't been a success we never could have had the banquet we did have. The banquet! At the Aspinwall! Wasn't everybody happy, though?

Annie: Happy! That is no name for it. We ought to have a reunion in the form of a banquet next year and we would find that we would have just as much fun as we did then.

Lou: I guess the excitement of the evening helped to make us forget that in a very short time we would all be scattered and that many of us would never meet again.

Annie: Probably that was it. But this was happiness after sorrow. I imagine there was enough of weeping the night before—the night we graduated, you remember. It was a big event in our young lives, though.

Memories of "those happy hectic high school days" led to elaborate plans for a reunion banquet to be held again at the Aspinwall on June 28, 1948. We hope you'll all be with us. *Annie H. Redfearn Louise Brewer William Gimlich*

Class Will

WE, the June class of 1928 A. D. of Pittsfield High School, bounded on the north by beautiful dwellings, on the east by the beautiful, clear, translucent waves of Silver Lake, on the south by C. C. Henry's junk yard, and on the west by the dry, stoneless, and grassy Common, being of supposedly normal state of body, uncertain state of mind, of a remarkable and unusual memory, of an extraordinary understanding, apprehending that our end is nigh, do make, publish, and declare the following as our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all Wills by us at any time heretofore made.

ITEMS:—

1. To Mrs. Bennett, the right to say (1) "Even a Senior should understand that" and (2) "Forgive them, they know not what they say."

2. To Mr. Rudman, a ten-gallon bottle of ink with the sincere hope that it will last him at least one deficiency period.

3. John Donna leaves to his successor, the next assembly chairman, the sincere hope that he may escape those icy stares and dagger-like looks of dissatisfied teachers and students.

4. To Joe Hayes, a wooden horse that he may conquer Troy on his next trip there.

5. We leave Margaret Thomson a frigidaire so that her cold shoulders may be completely equipped.

6. To Coach Carmody, the best looking man in the army, the Apollo of Westminster Street, a megaphone that his effeminate voice may be heard on the Common without difficulty.

7. To W. Jeremiah Konrady of New York (Canaan, N. Y.) the Tonsilitis of our class, we leave an etiquette book entitled "The Thing to Do" and also a can of "Revelation" so by smoking it he may wake up.

8. Pauline F. Hillberg wills to any Senior B girl the privilege of arranging their fair but rebellious tresses any time, any place, in any class.

9. To the building, a banner reading, "What God has joined together let no man rend asunder."

10. To Wilson Dunham, a monkey on a string so that by constantly pulling it, he may see how he reacted to our "Senior Play" after viewing it backstage for the fifty-millionth time.

11. To the most learned Dr. E. J. Russell, the customary dictionary, a box of matches and the right to supply rat poison for the mice and sophomores.

12. To Bob Dickee, an iron helmet to keep the wood-peckers away.

13. To our artists, Bob Perry, E. Olsen, and Kathryn Bergstrom, our congratulations and hopes for future success.

14. To Mr. Innis, we leave the right to pour forth his soul in those well-chosen exclamations, "Noblesse Oblige" and "Stop Whispering."

15. We leave to Aeneas a sheet with which he may dry his copious tears. Helen Pfund, a member of this Latin class, leaves her motto "Gessit, Fecit, and Misit."

16. Betty Young and fellow banquet speakers leave to that satirical toastmaster, John Donna, one gallon of No-nox, hoping that he will refrain from undue sarcasm at the banquet.

17. To the Senior B's, all our grudges, just and unjust; all our debts large and small; and all those privileges that we enjoyed, such as the right to say, "Dunno", instead of, "I am very sorry but I must say I am uncertain as to the correct solution of the problem."

18. To our successors, the aforementioned Senior B's, the right to extend a most cordial welcome to the Sophomores who are placed in their home rooms.

19. To Mr. Strout, we leave our sincerest thanks and best wishes that he may some day preside over a school (building we mean) that is worthy of such a leader.

20. Kathryn Bergstrom leaves her best wishes of success to Albert England, the new business manager of *The Student's Pen*.

21. To Dan Weigle our heartiest thanks and appreciation for his support.
 22. To the faculty our sincere thanks.
 23. To Sam Martin, a real motor for his car with the magnetic axle and a pair of roller skates in case of a breakdown.
 24. To Miss Morse, our ever patient and cheerful class advisor, we leave our sincere thanks for her loyal and untiring efforts to make our class a success.
 25. To Mr. Rudman, Kathryn Bergstrom leaves "Carte blanche" for "Pen Club" in room 10 that he may use it when straightening out mixed *Pen* accounts, when looking up lost checks, and when chastising the next Business Manager.
 26. To those great poets of our school, Betty Hulsman, Helen Pfund and Virginia Sclater, whose work has raised the standard of *The Pen*, we leave our greatest appreciation, and desire for their future success as poets.
 27. George Beebe leaves to his successor, Vera Victoreen, the next editor of *The Student's Pen*, all the joys, pleasures, and agreeable duties of the said office.
 Signed, sealed and published in *The Student's Pen* by the aforesaid mentioned class of 1928, for their last Will and Testament in the presence of three brilliant, witty and learned witnesses.

(signed) *The June Class of 1928*

Witnesses:

Pauline L. Hillberg X (her mark)
 Kathryn Bergstrom X (her mark)
 Jawn Donna \$ (his mark)

Noon

The lake
 Dances—sparkles,
 Alight with diamonds' gleam
 The wavelets ripple in their joy
 At noon.

Annie H. Redfearn '28

Trees

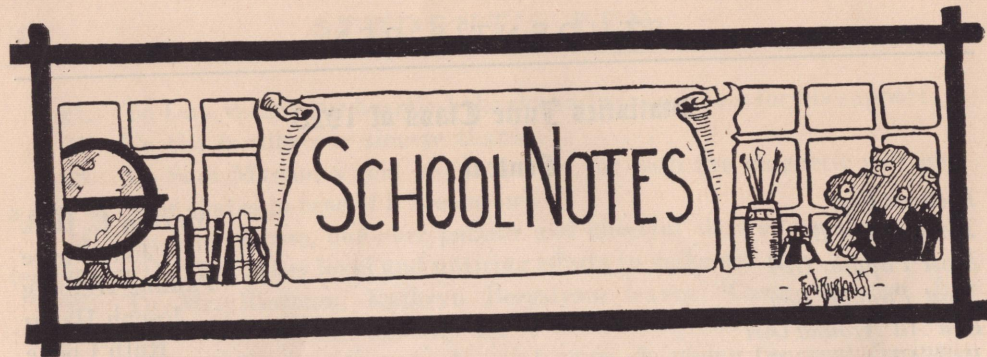
The trees
 Rustling softly
 In a June night's zephyr
 Give voice to the contentment of
 The land.

Wells Dodge, '28

Statistics June Class of 1928

Central

<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	Martha E. Hick
<i>Handsomest Boy</i>	John Joyce
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Pauline Hillberg
<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	Joseph Hayes
<i>Best All Around Girl</i>	Ruth Cooke
<i>Best All Around Boy</i>	Kirkland Sloper
<i>Most Businesslike Girl</i>	Katherine Bergstrom
<i>Most Businesslike Boy</i>	Clayton Nesbit
<i>Best Natured Girl</i>	Ruth Cooke
<i>Best Natured Boy</i>	Kirkland Sloper
<i>Cutest Girl</i>	Louise Brewer
<i>Cutest Boy</i>	John Joyce
<i>Best Girl Dancer</i>	Pauline Hillberg
<i>Best Boy Dancer</i>	Martin Surrette
<i>Wittiest Girl</i>	Katherine Bergstrom
<i>Wittiest Boy</i>	Jason Martin
<i>Cleverest Girl</i>	Betty Hulsman
<i>Cleverest Boy</i>	Joseph Hayes
<i>Model Girl Student</i>	Claudine Hinckley
<i>Model Boy Student</i>	Clayton Nesbit
<i>Most Carefree Girl</i>	Kathryn Bergstrom
<i>Most Carefree Boy</i>	Orion Treat
<i>Quietest Girl</i>	Ethel Harwood
<i>Quietest Boy</i>	Raymond Lewis
<i>Tallest Girl</i>	Beulah Farnum
<i>Tallest Boy</i>	Wells Dodge
<i>Shortest Girl</i>	Anne Kennedy
<i>Shortest Boy</i>	Albert Alvaro
<i>Class Pet Girl</i>	Anne Kennedy
<i>Class Pet Boy</i>	John MacClaren
<i>Class Actor</i>	George Beebe
<i>Class Actress</i>	Martha E. Hick
<i>Class Orator</i>	Joseph Hayes
<i>Class Athlete</i>	Philip Bruno
<i>Class Musician</i>	Russell Gilmore
<i>Class Bluff</i>	Walter Konrady
<i>Class Poet</i>	Helen Pfund
<i>Class Giggler</i>	Helen Gorton
<i>Class Vamp</i>	Pauline Hillberg
<i>Class Shiek</i>	Martin Surrette
<i>Class Prima Donna</i>	Elsie Pepoon
<i>Class Artist</i>	Ernest Olsen
<i>Class Pest</i>	Walter Konrady



"The Whole Town's Talking"

"The Whole Town's Talking", a three act comedy presented by the Senior A class at the Boys' Club auditorium on May 17th and 19th proved to be one of the best productions ever staged by a graduating class of P. H. S. The humor and fine acting in the play delighted the entire audience and won generous applause for the players. Though there was not a full house on Thursday evening, every seat was sold for the Friday performance and some of the late-comers sat on the balcony stairs or stood in the rear of the hall rather than miss seeing the production.

"The Whole Town's Talking" is a play which vividly pictures the life in a small Ohio town. The story centers about the Simmons family, which consists of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons and an only daughter, Ethel. Chester Binney, the blunt, awkward partner of Mr. Simmons, is a frequent visitor at the Simmons home, much to the dismay of Ethel and Mrs. Simmons, who do not like his blunt manners and careless appearance. Everything goes quite smoothly until Ethel returns from Chicago with Roger Shields, a young gallant who has taken quite an interest in her. Mr. Simmons, wishing Ethel to marry Chester Binney, immediately devises a plan by which Chester may win Ethel's hand. Together the two partners contrive a pretended love affair between Chester and Letty Lythe, a popular motion picture star. Much to the joy of the two men, this pretended love affair creates quite a sensation about town and Ethel becomes decidedly interested in Chester. Soon, however, Letty Lythe herself comes to town with her fiance, Donald Swift. Of course, Donald Swift hears the gossip about Letty and Chester and goes to the Simmons home to demand an explanation. Matters continue to become complicated and Mr. Simmons and Chester get into one scrape after another. Finally, as no agreement has been reached, they decide to settle matters by a fight in the dark. By some quick thinking, Chester manages to hide behind a screen during the struggle which follows. When the lights are again turned on, Chester is to all appearances the winner, winning not only the fight but Ethel in the bargain.

The play would not have been nearly as successful if it were not for the fine acting and interpretive ability of the entire cast. The careful training of the players and the smoothness with which each act was presented gave a very professional touch to the comedy. The leading parts, played by Martha Hick as Ethel Simmons and George Beebe as Chester Binney, were unusually well done and displayed exceptional talent. Both players have a pleasing stage personality and a fine voice. Kirkland Sloper played the part of Mr. Simmons with excep-

tional ease and his interpretation of the role was as realistic as that of a far more experienced actor. The role of Roger Shields was skillfully interpreted by Robert Perry, whose fine characterization of his part pleased the entire audience. One of the most difficult roles of the play was that of Letty Lythe, which was excellently portrayed by Pauline Hillberg. Beulah Farnam played the role of Mrs. Simmons, giving a fine character sketch of the suspecting wife. Jason Martin took the part of Donald Swift, an impulsive young motion picture director, in a very competent manner. Madeline Conuel and Elva Squires as Ethel's friends made decided hits, as did Estelle Traver as the maid, and Fannie Betts as a dancing teacher. Those who completed the cast were Thomas DeFazio as a taxi-driver, and Dorothy Boutwell and Louise Brewer as friends of the Simmons family.

Much of the credit for the success of the presentation is due Mrs. Guy Jeter, who coached the players. At the final performance Mrs. Jeter was presented with a basket of mixed flowers in token of the class's appreciation of her contribution toward the success of the production. The Senior "A" class also had the valuable assistance of Miss Morse, the class advisor; of Clayton Nesbit, the business manager; and of Annie Redfearn, the assistant business manager. The music between the acts was furnished by the high school orchestra.

Vera Victoreen

Central Class Banquet Program

Aspinwall Hotel, Thursday, June 28th, 6.30 o'clock

MENU

	Grapefruit Cocktail	
	Cream of Tomato Soup	
	Lobster Neuburg	
	Roast Turkey	
	Mashed Potatoes, Spring Peas	
	Waldorf Salade	
Ice Cream	Demi-tasse	Cake

SPEAKERS

Toastmaster	John Donna
Toast to the Girls	Martin Surette
Toast to the Boys	Betty Hulsman
Toast to the Athletes	Ruth Cooke
Toast to Faculty	Betty Young
Remarks	Miss Morse
Remarks	Mr. Strout
Class Song	Class

Dancing

Music by Aspinwall Hotel Orchestra

Banquet committee: Betty Young, John McClaren, and Robert Perry.

Giving a Fellow Teacher in Matrimony

THE party for Mr. Innis was given at East Lee Inn. It was the grave duty of this reporter to navigate a Chevrolet-ful of guests along the uncharted wastes that stretch between Pittsfield and Lee. Because of his experience and familiarity with this particular route John Brierly acted as co-pilot. Nothing happened until we reached Huntington. Here John found that we had to turn back. Having thus regained our lost orientation we finally landed at East Lee Inn with no more serious mishap than a slight agitation in Mr. Dunn's permanent wave.

The hero of the occasion, Mr. Innis, was already on hand as were Mr. Strout, Mr. Goodwin, Coach Carmody and a few lesser celebrities. Mr. Bulger was pacing the veranda getting his thoughts in order; he was to be toastmaster no less. Mr. Russell commented on the pulchritude of the landscape, the verdure of the encompassing hills. Brierly was sighing longingly. The boy was very hungry.

Dinner was ready and so were the guests. So dispensing with all preliminaries the party yielded unconditionally to the call of the flesh. And what a display of healthy appetites! The fact was much in evidence that the gentlemen of the teaching profession do not eat very often.

The repast over, we proceeded to minister to the spirit. There were speeches and speeches and more speeches. Everybody was happy. Mr. Innis was getting married. Mr. Innis himself appeared willing enough. The bachelor contingent of the faculty came in for a good deal of criticism. It was hinted with considerable justice that their waiting amounted to criminal cowardice or negligence or both, particularly after Mr. Innis has demonstrated that one may woo successfully within the very walls of this dear P. H. S. So great was the pressure that the confession was elicited from Mr. Dunn that he was merely waiting for the girl to get a better job. Brierly did not commit himself.

Then came jokes, new and sparkling and with points in them. By what streak of genius Mr. Carmody could command so many of them and still remember the rules of football is beyond the understanding of this writer. And the coach encountered vigorous competition. Mr. Strout was drawing story after story from an apparently inexhaustible source. Then Dunn, Howland and Allan would in turn hold the audience while the other gentlemen were catching their breath.

At ten o'clock it appeared best to break up the party since Herrick and Dunn are accustomed to be in bed at nine.

Once again we (this reporter and his Chevrolet) embarked on the grave task of providing safe transportation for three celebrated members of this faculty. Brierly continued to act as the brains of the expedition. Mr. Howland was at our heels, piloting with a steady hand his dauntless Durant. At Lenox we were advised to follow the detour to Pittsfield or put up for the night in the Aspinwall. We decided on the detour. About three miles out we had to choose between a straight narrow path and a crooked narrow path. We followed a Ford into the crooked path. Whereupon the Ford stopped and its navigator instructed us to take the straight path and turn left at the first crossroad.

A few hours later Brierly diagnosed the first crossroad and ordered a left turn. The Chevrolet responded none too cheerfully and executed the turn with

prolonged and loud lamentations. The Durant followed. The road was getting bad. It was decidedly a one way road and we contemplated with horror the possibility of meeting anyone. But there really was no such danger, for we were approaching the outskirts of civilization. Suddenly it dawned on us that we had come to the end of our journey. Indeed, we could go no farther. In front of us loomed a chicken coop, a dog kennel, a barn and a house. We were right on the old homestead. By this time an innocent third party in a Dodge was with us, the victim of blind confidence in our leadership.

Brierly was first to become master of the situation. He ordered us to turn back and we did. From this point the trip was uneventful until we reached Appleton Avenue. We stopped in front of Mr. Holly's home and, as we were saying goodbye to Mr. Dunn and Mr. Holly, the emergency brake of the Chevrolet, apparently one tooth short of a complete grip, let loose slowly, and the Chevy proceeded to slide back gracefully into the open arms of Howland's Durant. But again the fearless John Brierly, thrice hero before, rose to the occasion. He jumped into the car and in full might pulled on the emergency brake, pressing into service the delinquent tooth. Thereupon the Chevrolet stopped. Howland's Durant is still unmarred and all of us are none the worse for our escapade.

Anonymous

Commercial Class Banquet Program

Aspinwall Hotel, Thursday, June 28, 1928, at 6.30 o'clock

MENU

Fruit Cocktail
Celery, Olives
Cream of Tomato Soup aux Croutons
Roast Turkey
Mashed Potato, Fresh Vegetable
Combination Salad
Ice Cream Demi-tasse Petit Fours

Speakers

Toastmaster	Michael Foster
Toast to the Faculty	Lillian Sauer
Our Advisor	Miss Downs
Toast to the Boys	Estelle Traver
Toast to the Girls	Joseph Pelkey
Remarks	Mr. Ford
Toast to the Athletes	Jennie Silvernail
Toast to the Advisor	M. Conuel
Remarks	Dr. Gannon
Class Song	Class

Dancing

The Banquet Committee was composed of Evelyn McCumiskey, Bertha Miner, and Jennie Silvernail.

Assembly

An assembly was held on May 27th in the auditorium under the auspices of the Varsity Club and Pro Merito Society. The honor and Pro Merito students were announced at this time, and the basketball players were awarded their letters.

John Donna, president of the Varsity Club, was chairman and introduced as the first speaker, Samuel Duker, a member of the Student's Council, who explained to the student body the present organization and objective of that Council. Ruth Cooke was then introduced and spoke on the basketball games played by the girls during the past season. "Mike" Foster, the next speaker, told of his appreciation of the support the players has received from the students during the season and wished the future teams of P. H. S. the best of success.

Letters were then awarded to the following players by Mr. Strout and Coach Carmody: Fiorino Froio, Philip Bruno, "Micky" Foster, Jason Martin, "Sam" Ellis, Michael Shelsey, Leonard Culverhouse, "Bill" Kelly, James Vaccaro, Albert Goldberg, Samuel Levine, William Olsen, and George Beebe.

The girls who received letters were: Amelia Mahauski, Nellie Semenya, Ruth Cooke, Lois Cooke, Eileen Healy, and Mary Gniadek.

Class numerals were then awarded to the following girls who took part in three games between the Central and Commercial Schools: Frances Wentworth, Edna Learned, Barbara Couch, Lillian Sauer, Sylvia Renwall, Marjorie Wood, Elizabeth Hollis, Amelia Bucky, Grace Kosher, Vivien Previtali, Vera Victoreen, Irene Lutz, Mildred Klein, Edna Morton, Evelyn Nagelschmidt, and Ina Salo.

Betty Young of the Pro-Merito Society spoke on Pro Merito in the school. The announcement was then made by Mr. Strout that Clayton Nesbit had received first honor and Joseph Hayes second honor at Central while Lillian Sauer had received first honor at Commercial and Jeanette Silvernail second honor. The pro-merito students of both buildings are: Albert Alvaro, Ethel Harwood, Claudine Hinckley, Betty Hulsman, John McClaren, Samuel Nelson, Robert Perry, Helen Pfund, Annie Redfearn, Kirkland Sloper, Samuel Spratlin, Betty Young, Fannie Betts, Bernice Bradway, Toini Kittunen, and Annie Welz.

The Senior B pro merito students are: Warren Cook, Samuel Duker, Albert England, Laura Hayward, Wright Manvel, Bernice Brock, Helen Cooke, and Reuben Katz.

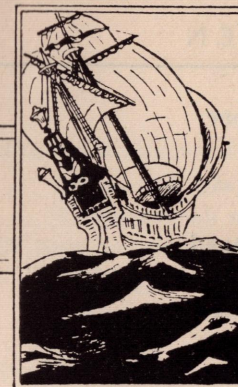
Joseph Hayes, the last speaker, gave an account of his experiences in connection with the National Oratorical Contest.

Irene Lutz

I Might have Been

I might have been a Peary on his trip up to the pole,
I might have been a Captain Kidd when he his treasure stole,
I might have been a John Paul Jones when ships he did pursue,
I might have been a Lindbergh when he flew the ocean blue.
I might have been a Dempsey, the greatest champion ever,
Or I might have been a Tunney, who's just three times as clever,
I might have been a poet, who charmed the hearts of men,
But sad to say, I am not, and yet, I might have been.

Harland Donnell '28



POETRY

Awakening

Why do they call that common sense
Which shatters happy confidence?
Why must dull convention come
With lessons long and troublesome
Tortuously to pull apart
The fondest secrets of my heart?
I wish I might be soul-less, free,
With gleaming un-identity!

I go untroubled here and there,
No disconcerting, searching stare
To keep me from what I would do.
And when my cloudless days are thru
I sleep contented, childlike sleep
Thru which no dreams save joy-dreams creep;
My deeds are all done for myself;
My body free as any elf
Which races thru a laughing day
Going its wild, ungoverned way.

Day after day I laughed my fill,
And I was wildly happy 'till—
I saw him watching a ship go by
Its tall mast pricking a clear blue sky;
His eyes were deep and happy eyes;
They laughed, but they were softly wise;
His arms were strong and brown; and he
Turned his head and looked at me.
He looked, he knew, and I saw born
Withering and unhidden scorn
In eyes that suddenly meant to me
More than all humanity.

And then I knew what I had done:
 Forfeited all true joy for one,
 Myself, who was not even worth
 A tiny pebble on the earth.
 I fell down on the ground and prayed
 That I might have my soul re-made;
 That I might live, and, like the rest,
 Ask God if what I do is best.
 Sobbing I lay upon the ground
 I felt strong arms circle me 'round
 And lift me surely to my feet;
 He smiled into my eyes to greet
 The soul that God had sent to me
 With my cast-out identity!

How good that our God makest us
 Forgetful of self and generous!

Betty Hulsman '28

Vigilance

The clock ticks on relentlessly
 As each day dawns—is done.
 And I sit watching down the street
 For one who does not come.

On sunny days each beat ticks off
 A moment—hurried—full—
 A duty here—a pleasure there—
 No single instant dull.

On dreary days faint memories
 My carefree soul benumb;
 And wearily I sit and watch
 For one who does not come.

But I know—deep within my heart—
 As each day dawns—is gone—
 I shall not always sit alone
 And hear the clock tick on.

For I can hear a voice say—
 A dear voice I know well—
 “When the clock has told you a long tale—
 Then I shall ring your bell.”

V. Sclater '30

Bleak House

The old house reeks with silence, and the long,
 Bleak, slate gray, sightless windowpanes conceal
 Nothing at all within. The heavy seal
 Of time has closed the door with wax so strong
 Nothing can open it but the return
 Of those who now its eerie shelter spurn.

Yet if they should come back—what benefit?
 It has been empty now so long, so long
 Deprived of daylight and devoid of song,
 That, even if they should reopen it,
 The shadowy rooms would shrink from sudden light—
 Footsteps would make the threshold creak with fright.

So it goes mouldering down the lonely years,
 The orchard fruit unpicked, the fields untilled;
 The house itself unloved and unfulfilled,
 Too gaunt for laughter and too proud for tears.
 But even this poor stronghold of decay
 Knows one brief breath of splendor every day:

When sunset stains the panes with rose and gold
 And lengthened shadows dance in phantom glee
 Engendered by the night's rich imagery,
 The lean, gray house looks, as, perhaps, of old,
 It may have looked when there were lights behind
 The long, grim windows—when the nights were kind.

Helen Pfund '28

Two Cinquains

INVOCATION

O hark
 To me, Diane,
 And loose a silver dart
 To take away all fleeting dreams,
 Forever.

NOCTURNE

Turrets
 Of eerie shape
 In silence arch above,
 And peer upon the moonlit path
 Below.

Clayton Nesbit '28

Old Love

The golden hair has turned to gray;
 Those eyes no more are bright and blue.
 Those cheeks, that once were like the rose,
 Have lost their delicate hue.

I used to hear your step, so soft
 Upon the winding stair
 As you came down in times long past
 And found me waiting there.

The house we loved, in dear old days,
 Like us is old and worn;
 And so the flowered silk you wore
 Is faded, now, and torn.

The flowering meadows where we roamed
 We may no longer see.
 The apple blossoms,—daisy fields,
 Are but a memory.

But still the endless years roll on;
 Our youth has faded, too.
 And yet, old love, there's something
 In our love that's fresh and new.

Vera Victoreen '29

Day--Night

Silence above; the pale wind blows a cloud;
 The sun is shining with a noiseless heat,
 The sky in silence tells eternity,
 And down below the quick world's noisy beat,
 The countless cities moving, shout aloud.

Silence above; still darkness fills the sky,
 Poured like a wine in dead day's empty cup.
 The stars shine, mockeries of brighter day,
 While down below a thousand roofs look up,
 And, quiet, watch another night go by.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

A Waterfall

Listen
 With a loud roar,
 Like mad winds in the pines,
 The water leaps over the rocks,
 And falls.

Frank Ford '28



MISS ALICE ELIZABETH DOWNS
 Class Advisor

**Who's Who
Commercial****FANNIE BETTS**

Schools: Plunkett, Tucker. Clubs: Posture, First Aid, Etiquette. Pro Merito, Senior Play, Treasurer, Bank Trustee.

Fannie is a fine little name
 For a maiden who is on her way to fame.

THEODORE BETTS, "Teddy"

School: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Student's Pen. Bank Trustee, Student Council.

Black hair, daring eyes,
 And he's very, very wise.

**DOROTHY ASHWORTH BOUTWELL
"Dot"**

Schools: Redfield Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Club: Glee. Senior Play, Student Council.

The girl who giggles in all our classes
 She's one of our cutest little lasses.

BERNICE BRADWAY, "B"

Schools: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: First Aid, Etiquette, Posture, Public Speaking, Handwork, Dramatic. Pro Merito, President of Home Room.

Bernice is both pretty and sweet
 One of the nicest girls you'd ever meet.

MADELINE CONUEL, "Maudie"

Schools: Rice, Crane, Junior High. Clubs: Home Nursing, Etiquette, Sewing, Art, Dramatic, Public Speaking, Enameling. Senior Play, Sunshine Committee.

A clever pen, a clever brush,
 She puts to shame, makes others blush.

HOWARD DAVENPORT, "Howdy"

Schools: Pomeroy, Dawes. Clubs: Debating.

To give an impression he knows it all,
 Howard arises, when the teachers call.

RAYMOND DONAHUE, "Ray"

Schools: Stearns, Pomeroy Junior High.
 Ray Donahue is quiet but nice,
 Soon at him we'll be throwing the rice.

IRENE ROSE DOYLE, "Rene"

Schools: Mercer Junior High. Club: Home Nursing.

The sunny side of everything, Irene's sure to see
 No matter what her troubles are, she's always full of glee.

HELEN DUPUIS, "Honey"

Schools: Bartlett, Tucker Junior High.
 Clubs: Home Nursing, Glee, Etiquette.

She's always cheerful, ne'er blue,
 Her rivals to Happiness are mighty few.

MARY CATHERINE FARNELL, "Nellie"

Schools: Rice Grammar, Crane Junior High
 Clubs: Glee, Posture, Etiquette. Sunshine Committee, Student's Pen, Reception Committee, Who's Who Committee, Student's Council.

Sunny in spirit, full of fun,
 We hope your happiness has just begun.

MICHAEL C. FOSTER, "Mickey"

Schools: Russell, Tucker Junior High.
 Club: Student's Pen. Bank Trustee, Class Treasurer, Class President, Junior Prom, Football '25, '26, '27, '28, Baseball '26, '28.
*There is an athlete in our town,
 Michael Foster of great renown.*

ROSE ANNA GARDEN, "Anne"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee Home Nursing. Junior B. Home Secretary, Bank Trustee, '25, '26, '27, '28. Class Day Committee.
*Anna is quiet but happy all the while,
 Whenever you look at her, she's bound to smile.*

HELEN ELIZABETH GIFFORD, "Babe"

School: Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Handwork, Posture, First Aid. Sunshine Committee, Decorating Committee, Bank Trustee.
*Helen is very good and true,
 May she never feel lonesome or blue.*

MARJORIE DORA HERZIG, "Marge"

Schools: Houndry Grammar, Arms Academy. Club: Glee. Class Day Committee, Class Will.
*Bright, witty, and always the same,
 Describes this newcomer from Colrain.*

DORIS IRMA HOLSBOURG, "Dot"

School: Tucker Junior High. Sunshine Committee, Secretary, Who's Who Committee, Bank Trustee, Student's Council.
*Music was always—always will be
 May music bring joy eternally.*

SOPHIE HORELLY, "Big Girl"

Schools: Austerlitz, New York 159, Tucker Junior High. Clubs: First Aid, Posture.
*Wherever you go, wherever you look,
 You see Sophie with a library book.*

ROSE KAPLAN, "Rosie"

Schools: Tucker, High School of Commerce, Worcester. Clubs: Posture, Glee. Committee on Class Will.
*Rose Kaplan, whom everyone knows,
 We wish her success wherever she goes.*

VERA KELSEY, "Vere"

Schools: Redfield, Dawes, Tucker. Clubs: Glee, Posture.
*All our girls are full of fun,
 But Vera is the peppiest one.*

TOINI KETTUNEN, "Toini"

Schools: North Adams Johnson, Freeman, Drury High, Wareham High, Tucker, Plunkett. Pro Merito.
*Toini, an energetic lass
 Never fails in any class.*

ALICE KIE

School: State Line.
*She glides around as quiet as can be,
 How she can do it, surely gets me.*

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH KNIGHT

Schools: Russell, Mercer Junior High.
 Clubs: Handwork, First Aid.
*Girl of many dreams
 May she succeed in all her schemes.*

GRACE KOSCHER, "Gracie"

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Etiquette. Prom Committee.
*On each committee, team or board,
 Gracie Koscher has always scored.*

KATHERINE LOWDEN, "Kate"

Schools: Dawes, Pomeroy Junior High.
 Clubs: Home Nursing, First Aid, Handwork.
*Katherine Lowden is a quaint little girl
 Who has adorned our autographs with pencil curls.*

EVELYN McCUMISKEY, "Evie"

Schools: North Lenox Grammar, Plunkett Junior High. Home Room Officer '27, '28, Class Secretary '27, '28, Prom Committee, Play Committee, Banquet Committee.
*Evie seems to be every one's friend
 We wish her all the joy that life can send.*

EMIL METROPOLE

Schools: Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Public Speaking, Etiquette, Debating. Baseball, Basketball, Bank Trustee.
*Emil is a tall boy you see
 He surely knows his autobiography.*

CEDRIC EARL MILLER

School: Crane Junior High. Club: Glee.
 Class Song, Address to Faculty.
*Quiet of manner, a winner of hearts
 Cedric's a master of many arts.*

BERTHA H. MINER, "Bumps"

School: Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Posture. Treasurer '27, '28, Senior Prom, Ticket Committee for Senior Play, Banquet Committee, Sunshine Committee.
*Bertha Miner is fair and square
 And always ready to do her share.*

JOHN MOSHER

School: Berkshire School for Crippled Children. Home Room Officer, Class Will Committee.
*He's so interested in his Civics class,
 That he never takes time to look at a lass.*

EVELYN NAGELSCHMIDT

"Evie"
 Schools: Rice, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Glee Posture, Etiquette. Baseball '27, Basketball '27, Sunshine Committee.
*Evie is one of the shortest in our class,
 And really is a dear little lass.*

GRACE NAGELSCHMIDT, "Gracie"

Schools: Bartlett, Tucker Junior High.
 Clubs: Glee, Home Nursing. Program Committee, Sunshine Committee.
*Gracie is quiet, Grace is neat
 Grace and success will surely meet.*

MARGARET O'BRIEN, "Marge"

Schools: Russell, Mercer Junior High. Club: Glee, Posture.
*She is little, she is wise,
 She's a terror for her size.*

EDYTHE LYDIA PARONE, "Betty"

School: Plunkett Junior High. Club: Posture.
*Edith Parone the quiet girl
 But outside of school her glories unfurl.*

JOSEPH PELKEY, "Joe"

School: Crane Junior High. Club: Debating Club '26, '27, '28. President of Debating Club '27, Chairman of Auditorium Debates, Chairman of Junior Prom, General Committee, Bank Trustee '27, Chairman of Class Day, Prophecy, Sunshine Committee, Vice-president of Senior "A" Class '28, Ring Committee, Play Committee, Toast to Girls, Address to athletes.
*Joe Pelkey our debater at large,
 Comes nigh the day to hear him, he'll charge.*

THOMAS HAROLD PLASS, "Tommy"

School: Dawes Junior High.
*What have we here? Why Thomas Plass,
 The brilliant boy of our English Class.*

JAMES QUINN, "Jimmy"

School: Pomeroy Junior High. Class History.
*Jimmy is a good old name
 And its owner is the same.*

MARY REED

Schools: Rice Grammar, Pontoosuc, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Posture. Decorating Committee, Junior Prom, Cake Sale Committee.
*Mary Reed wise and sweet
 Also most decidedly neat.*

OCTAVIA ROME, "Occie"

Schools: Rice, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Posture. Home Room Committee.
*Octavia is a sweet little girl,
 Who sets all the hearts awirl.*

HELEN SAMMON

Schools: Bartlett Grammar, Tucker Junior High.
*Helen Sammon so quiet and sweet
 She's one that won't be beat.*

LILLIAN SAUER, "Lil"

Schools: Rice, Plunkett, Mercer Junior High. Clubs: Posture, Etiquette. Who's Who, Junior Prom Committee, Basketball, Baseball, First Honor Pro Merito.
*Here's luck to the cleverest of the class
 May her glories forever last.*

MARY MARGARET SHERAN, "Irish"

Schools: Redfield Grammar, H. L. Dawes Grammar, Dawes Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen, Glee. Sunshine Committee, Who's Who Committee, Secretary of Home Room.
*Mary is popular, Mary is gay,
 Success will surely come her way.*

JENNIE M. SILVERNAIL, "Jane"

Schools: Rice, Mercer, Crane, Hooker Carewe Street. Club: Current Events. Second Honor, Pro Merito
*Jennie is clever, that every one knows
 And she'll be a success wherever she goes.*

OLIVE MAE SNELL, "Betty"

Schools: W. R. Plunkett Junior High.
Clubs: Posture, Glee, Baseball Team.

*Of all our nice girls, we can tell,
One of our best is Olive Snell.*

ELVA SQUIRES, "Sally"

Schools: West Part Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Clubs: Glee, Posture, Current Events, Student's Pen. Senior Play, Student Council.

*Always happy; full of pep
She's the kind that never wept.*

HELEN ESMAY STARKWEATHER

Schools: Pomeroy Junior High, Rice and Redfield Grammar. Clubs: Glee, Posture, Sunshine Committee, Bank Trustee.

*Helen is a very quiet one,
But we all know she's lots of fun.*

MYLES STANTON, "Stan"

Schools: Russell, Pontoosuc, Plunkett Junior High. Junior Prom Committee, Class Day Committee, Cake Sale Committee.

*Myles is a very amiable boy
May his future be one of joy.*

ANNA RITA THORPE, "Anne"

Schools: Pomeroy Grammar, Pomeroy Junior High. Vice-president of Senior "B", Sunshine Committee, Decoration Committee.

*Anna is liked wherever she goes
More are her friends than ever her foes.*

Farewell! Pittsfield High

Deep in the heart of Berkshire Hills
Our Alma Mater stands.
And though we leave, we will ne'er forget
Her cherished, guiding hands.

Chorus

Goodby! Goodby! Ah, Memories!
Anon we part from thee.
Deep in our hearts, for you we'll hold
A love eternally.
We will in after years recall
Your spirit rare and true!
Goodby! Goodby! Your colors fly!
We owe our stand to you.
Now we part, farewell, farewell!
We'll often dream of thee.
To those we meet, we will surely tell
Of your supremacy.

Chorus

STELLA TRAVER, "Annie"

School: Joseph Tucker Junior High. Clubs: Student's Pen. Sunshine Committee, Senior Play, Junior Prom, Reception Committee, Class Day, Prophecy Toast to Boys.

*Stella Traver sweet, sincere and true,
One virtue is she's never blue.*

DOROTHY WELLSPEAK, "Dot"

School: Mercer Junior High. Club: Posture. President of Home Room Junior A, Senior A, Class Prophecy Committee, Cake Sale Committee.

*Here's to our little Dorothy who always smiles,
May her present sweetness last a long, long,
while.*

ANNA EMELIA WELZ

School: Tucker Junior High. Club: Posture. Sunshine Committee, Ring Committee Pro Merito.

*She may be quiet she is most wise
But one gesture of success will surely suffice.*

CHARLES WHITMAN, "Chuck"

Schools: Redfield, Pomeroy, Plunkett Junior High. Club: Etiquette. Bank Trustee.

*Intellect, manliness, and sincerity:
"Charley" has them in full capacity.
Mary Farnell, Doris Holsborg
Mary Sheran, Lillian Sauer*

Class Day=Commercial

Entrance—"Charley" Whitman rushed upon stage, ridiculously attired,—yelled: "Here they come! Here they come!" Class marched in exuberantly—chatting, general noise-making, clapping of hands. Myles Stanton, "Joe" Pelkey, and "Charley" Whitman, cheer leaders, had formed in front of class, which was kept marking time. The cheer leaders halted the class and besetted the members. Songs and school cheers ended with a long "Commercial—Rah—'88."

ORDER OF FRIVOLITIES

Presiding Officer	"Mickey" Foster
Class History	Evelyn McCumiskey
Class Advertisements	K. Lowden and M. Conuel
Boys' trio (singing—banjo accompanying)	C. Whitman, M. Stanton, J. Pelkey
Address to Faculty	M. Conuel
Humorous Reading	B. Bradway
Girl's sing (accompanied by forty of "Rastus' Old Kazoos")	M. Farnell, S. Traver
Address to the Athletes	J. Pelkey
Evelyn Nagleschmidt sings accompanied by D. Holsborg	
To Undergraduates	M. Stanton
Boys' trio (banjos and guitar)	C. Miller, J. Pelkey, T. Betts
Prophecy	S. Traver
Class Will	M. Herzig
Boys' trio (singing with banjo accompaniment)	C. Whitman, J. Pelkey, M. Stanton
Piano Solo	C. Miller
(this leads into the Class Song which was written, words and music by Cedric Miller)	
Withdrew singing Class Song.	
Class Day Committee:	J. Pelkey, Chairman, S. Traver, M. Conuel, A. Garden, M. Stanton.

Class History

IN June of the year of 1925, many of the Grammar School tribes disbanded. Two moons later most of these young warriors and maidens gathered together into one large tribe in the Wigwam of the Heap Big Chief John A. Ford, which was situated in the Hoosac Valley in the Mighty Berkshire Hills.

For six moons, happily, lived this tribe. Under the guidance of the Heap Big Chief and his learned chiefs, the faculty they became more skilled, and clamored for a chief of their own. They were now a Sophomore A tribe. They left their work for a few moments, to organize themselves as civilized Americans.

They chose Henry Klink as their Chief, and Jennie Silvernail as Scribe. It had been foretold that in the future they would need wampum, or money for things that would come to pass. It was decided that each warrior and maiden would give to Michael Foster twenty-five cents at each new moon. The Good Spirit, Miss Downs, was chosen to advise the tribe.

C. Miller

Again for six moons they lived happily, in this new way. As summer came on, they all parted and left the shelter of the Commercial High Wigwam, and followed each his own trail. As Harvest time drew near they returned, now a Junior B tribe.

They became restless and demanded new chiefs. Again they must cease their work to choose them. The Great Chief Michael Foster was chosen to lead them. Evelyn McCumiskey was chosen as Scribe, and Bertha Miner was given the privilege of collecting the wampun at each moon. They then put themselves under the care of the Wise Spirit Joseph C. Nugent, and returned peacefully to their work. But alas, this Spirit called them back from the fields of learning to tell them that he had not been given sufficient power to guide a tribe containing so many maidens. Therefore, they put themselves under the Maiden Spirit, Miss Rieser.

In February in the year 1927 they became Junior A's. This caused rejoicing because together with the Great Central tribe they were to give a wonderful tribal dance, the Junior Prom. This meant much more labor, for the Great Wigwam. The Girls' League must be fittingly decorated, and a small feast must be prepared, but they were very skilful and soon had this finished. On the tenth of the moon of the roses in the year 1927, therefore, they danced among many warriors from the various tribes of the Indian High School Village.

As summer returned, they again parted and spent their time fishing and swimming as they desired. The Harvest moon found them gathered as a Senior B tribe, in greatness, second only to the Mighty Senior A's.

As Senior B's they were a noted tribe, not only as a group of skilled warriors and maidens, but individually. Big Chief Mike Foster, whose prowess in the athletic field was great, had captured for them many honors. There came a day of rejoicing, when it was discovered that among them was the most beautiful maiden in the entire Mighty Berkshire Hills, Miss Jennie Silvernail.

They began to wonder what would befall them if one of the Evil Spirits should descend upon their leader and leave them without one. They accordingly, chose Anna Thorpe, to be ready to fill his place should this calamity come to pass. Again, the Good Spirit, Miss Downs, was chosen to advise them.

In February, 1928, they at last became mighty Senior A's, the most skilled and powerful tribe of the Indian High School Village in the Field of Pitt.

Then came the time of work and serious preparation for the great day when they must disband. They kept their same tribal chiefs with the exception of Anna Thorpe whose place was taken by Joseph Pelkey. They again chose the Good Spirit, Miss Downs, to advise them.

On June 15 they attended another Tribal dance, this one being given in their honor. However, most of their time was spent in earnest labor from morning until night.

Thinking that they might not have sufficient riches to pay for all their necessities at the graduation time, they joined with Great Central Tribe to decide whether they would have another dance to help them or to give a play. The play was decided upon, and was given by both tribes in the Boy's Club Auditorium on May 17 and 18, with great success.

As head tribe of the Wigwam, they encountered many difficulties, one of which was a class day program which must be carried out in such a manner as to prove to the others their unsurpassed skill. But this superior tribe performed this great task with ease.

On June 27, 1928 this tribe will gather together for the last time as a peaceful tribe under the guidance of their noble chiefs. For now these skilled and great warriors and maidens must disband and go each his own trail, out upon the battlefield of life and prove to the world that they can win. They will no longer have the Heap Big Chief nor the Good Spirit, Miss Downs, to guide them, but their three years under the care of these wise ones have given them the right direction to the top of the great Mt. Success.

*Fannie Bettes
James Quinn
Raymond Donahue
Evelyn McCumiskey*

Address to the Faculty

TODAY, dear members of the faculty, we are gathered here for the last time.

It is through your never-ending patience, and perhaps through our own efforts, that we are now bidding you a long-looked-forward-to, though reluctant, farewell. For it seems that it was during our last year with you that we learned to appreciate your efforts to help us realize the great task which would confront us and which we must overcome after we had left your hands. How could we have hoped to attain success if we had not tried to work with you, thus bringing about a feeling of co-operation with each other, the result of which was a different idea of school?

Even though some of us may part forever, we shall not, in our hour of success, abandon thought of those who were the stimuli of our progress; but rather, we shall offer up a deep-felt prayer of gratitude for our teachers—you, who are here happy—unselfishly so—in our present attainment.

In bidding you farewell, dear teachers, we sincerely wish you to know that we deeply appreciate your efforts in having made a success of our course.

C. Miller

Address to the Athletes

TELL me, you girls in the front row, what is it you are thinking of as you sit with your hands folded in your laps and your glances lingering on the pale tinted walls? Do you vision a splendid future with the world eager to acclaim you? Do you dream, perhaps, of tropical skies filled with romance;—and is the smile touching your lips meant for anyone on this earth?—Oh, the more I look upon you the better I realize that rapt expression with half parted lips and wistful eyes can mean only one thing;—you are thinking of absolutely nothing! Yes, absolutely nothing;—you have accomplished a heretofore impossibility.

It is my duty, this morning, to lead your thoughts to our school athletes,—Why Central would never know Commercial existed if not for our athletes, and,

of course, the graduating class of June, 1928. We should praise our athletes though once in a while they encounter their peers. And you, athletes,—don't be discouraged, fellows, get in there and fight hard. Everybody can't be on the team, you know; but you all have as good a chance as the next fellow. Just keep plugging and your turn will come.

Let me tell you something. Once there was a fellow out for football that nobody thought had a chance of making his letter. He was small and light and didn't know a thing about the game. All during his first three years at college he played on the scrub team and sat on the bench during the games.

Then came his last season. He was still on the scrubs and it looked as if he would never make the varsity;—but, although he didn't know it, the coach had his eye on him; and when the captain, who was the star halfback, was hurt during the Big Game, the coach decided to give this little fellow his chance.

He made only two seventy-yard runs and kicked a field goal the first fifteen minutes he was in there! Boy, that was a swell movie!

It is very remarkable, students, and well worth remembering, that last year's captain of the P. H. S. basketball team was "Mickey" Foster of this very remarkable Senior A Class; and,—the captain elect of next year's football team, "Red" Senger, is also a member of the Senior class at Commercial High School. Our girl athletes have defeated those of Central in basketball and baseball.

A high standard has been set for your future classmates to measure up to;—and by this standard we have raised a Commercial banner to a high position where it floats proudly above all others. We have placed this banner where it is today. We are graduating,—but, no matter how distant we travel, there will be times when we will look back upon our school; its triumphs; and, will there be many defeats?—We are leaving the coveted banner with you, undergraduates, see that it always remains on high.

Ours must never fall.

J. Pelkey

Address to Undergraduates

UNDERGRADUATES, it is my privilege to point out the way you needs must travel, if you intend to become as bright and brilliant as the present respected Senior A's. To heed advice is not easy for underclassmen, but for a few brief moments, "lend me your ears."

Do not doubt, for one moment, that we have not noticed the hard times you have had trying to reach our standard in scholarship, efficiency and deportment; and I, in behalf of the Senior class, congratulate you on your apparent success.

However, do not feel proud, for experience has taught us that the hardest rung in the ladder has yet to be reached. Those who hope to succeed and reach the destined goal in this world must toil with courage, hard work, and grit.

Senior B's, do not feel discouraged with the high ideals we have set for you, but let the ideals await you at the top of your ladder; now start climbing, always keeping our success in mind. Do not entrust tasks, that you should do yourselves, to unsophisticated Sophomores or Juniors, but follow the advice given by Longfellow, "If you want a thing to be done well, you must do it yourself."

My next advice pertains to the teachers who will be your companions during your school career. Above all things, learn to know them before they learn you. Here, a word to the wise is sufficient. Do not try to bluff them, for there is only one successful bluffer in the world, and he is graduating with our class. Take heed of Mr. Murray's warnings of tests, and do not doubt Mr. Holly's version on all Law questions, and above all, remember that Miss Downs expects everyone to be a poet. Mr. Nugent is very interested in what you do in his room, almost as much, in fact, as Miss Mangan is about what you do in her room. If you happen to be fortunate enough to study in Room 10 the second period, you will obtain much knowledge of worldly affairs by talks given by our Principal to the Sophomores.

To you, children of the lower classes, I would advise that you have a purpose in what you do. The man who works without an aim will be a failure, while the man who works with a definite purpose will be a success. Your object should be to try to set a higher example than we have set in our short, and soon to be ended, High School days.

We, the June Class of 1928, leave you to follow our well-set examples, fully realizing the task we are placing upon you, undergraduates, and wish you the best of success in obtaining those merits which only a brilliant class can obtain.

Remember the lines of Longfellow:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Myles Stanton

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of June 1928

WE, the Senior A's of the June Class of 1928, of that worthy institution of knowledge and learning, Commercial High School, corner of Fenn and Second Streets, City of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of America, of perfect and sound minds (at intervals) do publish and declare this our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills and documents heretofore made by us.

To the Senior B's we leave this little Red School House with its bricks and all, to be used to the best advantage as we have; and we trust that by the time your children are ready to enter these grand portals of knowledge, they may have a new high school.

To the girls in Room 7, we bequeath a new mirror; so that they will not have to use the one in Room 8.

To the future Senior A's we leave the entire traffic system which we have so nobly conducted, and we hope that they may be as successful as we have been arriving late at the post.

To Mr. Ford we bequeath our sincere appreciation of his devoted efforts.

To Miss Downs, our most beloved teacher, we bequeath our love and appreciation of her kindness and sympathy.

To Mr. Murray we leave an electric refrigerator, to enable him to conduct his classes in an even, cool temperature.

To Miss Mangan, our hope that her next trip will be around the world.

To Mr. Nugent we leave a box of non-breakable chalk, so that he won't have to take a shot at the waste paper basket in Room 4 during Bookkeeping classes. Also a check of fifty dollars, to make up for the mistakes which we presume the future Senior A's will make in the bank.

To Miss McSweeney we do bequeath a microscope, to enable her to find all mistakes in typewriting.

To Mr. Holly we do bequeath with our fondest memories, a stack of one thousand deficiencies, so that his loving hand may shower them upon future Senior A's.

To Miss Enright we leave books entitled "How to Change Ribbons" to be distributed in all of her classes.

To Mr. Dunn we leave the exclusive privilege of making any student talking in study periods copy a poem.

To Miss Rieser we bequeath a dictaphone for her stenography classes, so that she may save her voice.

To Miss Baker we leave a pair of gloves, so that she may drive her car in the cold weather.

To Miss Carmel we leave a megaphone, so that her voice may be heard above the noises of the typing classes.

Dorothy Boutwell leaves the exclusive right to any Senior B to giggle in any class.

To the girls in general we bequeath the privilege of finding another pest to take the place of Tommy Plass.

Bertha Miner leaves the privilege to Helen Cooke to say the three sweetest words, "Class Tax Due!"

To the future Senior A's our hope that they may make a success of their play as we have.

To the Sophomore B's we leave a box of toys to play with, instead of playing with the calculating machines in Room 3.

To all our Pro Merito, "To Thine Own Self Be True."

Last but not least we leave to dear Commercial High School our fondest memories.

In testimony whereof, we, the said Class of 1928, have written our Last Will and Testament, bequeathing said articles to all heirs who have been connected with said class.

Signed, this twenty-fifth day of June, in the Year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, in the presence of we, us and company, who declare this to be the one and only "Last Will and Testament" of the June Commercial Class.

(Signed) *The June Class of 1928*

Witnesses:

John E. Mosher Charles Whitman
Marge M. Herzig Rose Kaplan

Commercial Advertisements

That tailored look Mark Schaffner Coats	Fannie Betts
The salt that's all salt Diamond Crystal	Teddy Betts
Secret of popularity Colgate's	Dorothy Boutwell
Accuracy Bulova Watches	Bernice Bradway
Saving the minutes that count the most Schick Razor	Madeline Conuel
A man who cares Florsheim Shoe	Howard Davenport
Good to the last drop Maxwell House Coffee	Raymond Donahue
Keeping faith Buick	Irene Doyle
Eat and grow thin Fleischman's Yeast	Helen Dupuis
Starting promptly means getting there on time West-Clox-Alarm	Mary Farnell
The boy everyone knows Fisk (Time-To-Re-Tire)	Mickey Foster
Hidden gold in your hair Gold Glint Shampoo	Rose Garden
Miracles in smiles Pepsodent	Helen Gifford
Your whole appearance depends on your hair Mulsified Coconut Oil	Marjorie Herzig
It pays to insist if you want the best Del Monte Fruit	Doris Holsborg
Play safe Athletic Supporters	Sophie Horelly
Homeward bound with treasure found Rogers Bros. Silver	Rose Kaplan
Sunbeam Electrical Appliances	Toinin Kettumen
A product of the open mind General Motors	Marguerite Knight

Maybe we're wrong Auburn	Alice Kie
Nothing over ten cents F. W. Woolworth & Co.	Grace Koscher
Good taste Real silk	Vera Kelsey
Who shall have the car today? Buick	Katherine Lowden
Goes a long way to make friends General Tire	Evelyn McCumiskey
Knocks out that knock Ethyl Gasoline	Emil Metropole
American Ideal American Radiator	Cedric Miller
More money for you Curtis Publishing Co.	Bertha Miner
Obey that impulse Baldwin Apples	John Mosher
The voice of authority Stewart-Warner Speedometer	Evelyn Nagelschmidt
Fragrant bond of friendship Granger Pipe Tobacco	Grace Nagelschmidt
Keep that school girl complexion Palmolive	Margaret O'Brien
Sunkist Sunkist Oranges	Edythe Parone
What's missing? Grape Nuts	Joseph Pelkey
Don't be ridiculous Smith Bros. Cough Drops	Tommy Plass
The most alert of alerts Literary Digest	James Quinn
Study your beauty . . . make the most of it Pompeian	Mary Reed
When there's snap and tingle in the air—match it Coca-Cola	Octavia Rome
A trusted name Unguentine	Helen Sammon
First aid to keen ambition Royal Typewriters	Lillian Sauer

When dreams come true Ford	Mary Sheran
Reflects tomorrow's vogue Hudson Supper-Six	Olive Snell
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make Live's Saving Bank	Miles Stanton
99 44/100% pure Ivory Soap	Helen Starkweather
Seventeen years of development but an overnight popularity G. E. Refrigerator	Jennie Silvernail
That good gulf Gulf Gasoline	Elva Squires
Perfect peace of mind Buick	Anna Thorpe
Youth of today—stars of tomorrow Paramount Pictures	Stella Traver
The choice of the majority Frigidaire	Dorothy Welspeak
The business girl knows Palmolive	Anna Welz
Where economy rules Atlantic & Pacific	Charles Whitman

Katherine E. Lowden

"He's such a nice, gentle boy. He wouldn't hurt a fly," gushed Anita Hutchinson.

"What business is he in?" asked her friend.

"Oh, he's a butcher."

* * * *

We Always Knew the Kiwanians
Were a Wild Crowd

According to the *Eagle* of June 1, "the Kiwanis Camp opens on July 5 and t. f g I i i n o s l r r s S E E E ." We've been fearing something like this for a long time.

* * * *

Doris Waterman says that a horse leads a sad life because its life is so full of whoas.

* * * *

P. Hillberg: "Ooo! Is that a bull down there at the end of this field?"

R. Perry: "Yes, it is. Will you stop using that lipstick?"

* * * *

Barber: "How do you want your hair cut?"

Small boy: "Jus' like favver's, please, wiv a round hole at the top."

Class Prophecy—Commercial

I sat by the fireside a-dreaming,
 The embers were burning low,
 When a scene from the past came before me
 And faces of long ago.
 I scarce said goodnite to the old folks
 But crept softly off to bed,
 But there were the faces in the firelight
 They brought mem'ries back long dead.
 As I slipped into dreamland a-thinking
 I saw faces to me so dear.
 There was Margie Herzig just linking
 A future in a "Tinting Hair" Career.
 From her came a vision so clearly,
 Miss Kettunen was doing fine.
 She was earning her keep just merely
 By typing line after line.
 'Twas natural for me to go hunting
 For other friends I'd known
 Into Hollywood I went, and just something
 Led me to Edith Parone.
 She was a rival of friend, Bertha Miner
 And Actress she was, no doubt,
 I searched my mind for the finer
 A decision just led to a bout.
 'Twas settled at last by a director
 His diction was clear and fine,
 Of Edith I asked his name of,
 T'was Joe Pelkey, an old friend of mine.
 I hastened to greet him, however,
 For me he had no time,
 He told me he was ever so clever
 As to take for a wife Marge O'Brien.
 I walked away, Joe had done well,
 And absorbed in the courses of time
 Saw none other than dear Olive Snell
 Who accordingly asked me to dine.
 She told me she was a model now
 As a mannequin she was a gem
 And then to me she related how
 She was for life away from men.
 For her civics Professor Chuck Whitman
 Had told her for him ne'er she'd be
 He was linked and joined to his profession
 Thru life he'd study busily.

I left her at last with goodbye
 And a promise to visit her soon
 Was walking hurriedly home when
 Came a hail from none other than Ray Donahue
 He was quiet and nice as usual
 He seemed glad to see me too
 He told me in a way that was casual
 That he'd made his millions few.
 For he was an author grim, and fame
 Had taken him in her bosom
 Now he had won a name
 His life had not been ruesome.
 At home once again, I fell thinking
 To all Fate had been kind
 But for me, I was dangerously sinking
 Into a melancholy decline.
 Hastily I donned my coat
 Was in the street in a while
 In a street that was full fame and note
 I entered a theatre called "Smile".
 Soon two others entered and beside me did sit
 And picked up my glove as it fell
 As I thanked them came recognition and with it
 Saw Lou O'Donnell and Mary Farnell.
 Louise was now in an office
 Working for the "Tell & Tell"
 Mary had a teashoppe called "Delish"
 And told me that it paid her very well.
 We talked until we heard a grunt
 You're disturbing me—you girls
 T'was from a man right up in front
 And with apologies another friend unfurled.
 'Was, Howard Davenport," we all exclaimed
 "How did you ever get here?"
 And there in the dark he said he was famed
 For the new non-intoxicating beer.
 Then the lights glared on and faintly
 Showed a dancer suddenly
 We recognized her as Sophie Horelly
 A dancer now and more than dainty.
 Straight after her came Rose Kaplan
 She sang in a contralto voice
 Her song was clear and dappan
 She bade us all rejoice.
 As we walked from the the theatre together
 We talked of days gone bye

Lou said Anna Garden, Bless her—
 Had to America said goodbye.
 For she was in her own fair country
 She was living highly too
 For an uncle had left her a bounty
 And millions she had more than few.
 Mary said on a tour in the city
 She was to cite a newly-thot plan
 As the Superintendent of Grants, W. T.
 She was confronted by Mary Sheran.
 Yes, Mary had risen, that's not untrue
 But she told of another friend dear
 At the Grand Opera was Eve Nagleschmidt, who
 Was earning her bread by her voice loud and clear.
 We hailed a taxicab and on entering it
 Saw a radio set unfold
 And invention new and we were told it
 Was none other than Emile Metropole's.
 Next day to an aeroplane field I strolled.
 Ted Betts, the aviator said,
 He and Fanny had made their gold,
 To the high up above they had fled.
 We sailed over buildings high.
 In the bottom of the seat I cowered
 Until in the wind I heard him cry
 News of Lillian Sauer.
 She was the President's secretary fair,
 She was as brilliant as ever before.
 She'd be there for many years, he declared,
 For she could do the work galore.
 Then as we descended neatly,
 But, nevertheless, did I quail,
 He told me ever and ever so sweetly,
 That he was going to see Jen Silvernail.
 For she was of fame renowned all o'er
 She was an actress known that's true,
 Her beauty had developed, by the score
 Came suitors bold and true.
 That afternoon the telephone bells
 Called me from a muse,
 'Twas no other than Anna Welz,
 Her request I never refused.
 For to her home she'd asked me,
 She was married now you know,
 And on sitting down to a lated tea
 'Twas served by a classmate—lo—!

There was Stella Traver
 Her costume was the same,
 Her smile still did waver
 As she said a play had made her fame.
 For years ago, she said, "You recall
 A Senior Play that I was in,"
 Anna loved my maid's outfit and did call
 Me to serve her friends, "Do I fit in?"
 She sat down as we were all friends old,
 She of a friend did speak
 She spoke of another of the fold,
 Who proved to be Miss Dorothy Wellspeak.
 Dot was famous now you see,
 Her famous smile had gained
 Her fame and money, merrily
 Had she gone down Life's Long Lane.
 Katherine Lowden too, she said,
 Had done her portrait in blends
 For she was a painter to her profession wed
 And busily did she through her life wend.
 She showed me to the door at last
 As it opened a man did enter
 It revealed to my eye a friend of the past
 None other than friend Mickey Foster.
 He was an athlete now so strong
 Thru life he could easily wend
 He kept me talking for very long
 For to the past gone bye did we bend.
 He told me little Grace Koscher
 Was an athlete now also
 He said her training at soccer
 Had taught her the road to go.
 Passing by a house I paused to listen
 The music was thrilling me so
 I knocked on the door for admission
 'Twas opened by a friend we all know.
 'Twas Helen Sammon, I did confide
 "What are you doing here?"
 Replied she was companion to the player inside
 Who was a friend more than dear.
 She led me as the music soared
 To the side of a piano
 Where playing was Dot Holsborg
 And singing in soprano.
 She welcomed me delightedly
 And as we mused a'er reminiscences

Told me most confidingly
 Little confidences.
 Myles Stanton is, I was informed
 To be married very shortly
 To a girl we've both known very long
 A "stenographer sweet and quaintly."
 Upon a quiz she told me 'twas
 Octavia Rome—well, well
 She was marrying Myles just because
 She loved him very well.
 At home again I picked up the news
 I saw on the headlines perplexed
 Girl achieves most wonderful views
 On styles for the daintier set.
 On reading eagerly through
 Grace Nagleschmidt's name I did spy
 Her creations were more than few
 Such did her career lie.
 On another page was headed
 Dot Boutwell, a famous tenor
 Will this day be wedded
 To another famous singer.
 Still another item caught my eye
 Madeleine Conuel our comic sketch
 Will drive away both tear and sigh
 Her joy and mirth you'll surely catch.
 On the business page I stared
 Anna Thorpe's name was there
 She well had certainly faired
 At Stock Exchange taken at a dare.
 At another point I read
 Helen Gifford sails away
 The jewelry business it is said
 In Life is her part of the play.
 Helen Dupuis had an "ad"
 French was her vocation
 Lucky was the day she had
 Minded her relation.
 Bernice Bradway sketched for fuel
 Her sketches were very droll
 She'd drawn tonite a stubborn mule
 Refusing to move for its owner old.
 On the last page was a picture
 I knew it at a glance
 Helen Starkweather and a preacher
 The gospel—her finance.

I glanced at another line
 John Moscher was succeeding too
 History—and he was mighty fine
 Working away and happy too.
 I laid down the news
 And was thinking away
 When a knock drew me out of a muse
 And to me a bellboy did say.
 A package for you, Miss
 Sign on this line
 Inside is a gift, Miss
 Let's hope it is fine.
 I smiled appreciation
 That face yes, I knew
 James Quinn was wishin'
 Me a bellboy's adieu!
 I opened the parcel—I wonder thot I
 Inside was a book—a sight for the eye
 'Twas poems—by Cedric Miller composed
 Sent to me by his highness—his fame had arose.
 The book was dedicated just as I thot
 To the Senior Class of Twenty-eight
 Into his poems he had cunningly wrought
 Evelyn McCumiskey's life fate.
 For she was a marceller
 Simple but fine
 And from many a customer
 She earned piling dimes.
 On another page he had written
 A poem about Irene Doyle
 How she was happily sitting
 On Success as a designer most loyal.
 Cedric cited Margie Knight
 How she'd fought for the Suffragettes
 How steadfast she'd been thru all the fight
 And now as the President's aid did she sit.
 Alice Kie was a seamstress, he told,
 Of fame both near and far
 She was taking in gold and gold,
 Success hailed—she'd grabbed her star.
 Elva Squires is Mark Antony's foe
 She is an orator of fame,
 Cedric says where'er you go
 Your sure to hear her name.
 Tommy Plass is an engineer now
 He is successful and fine

Soon he'll be making his bow
 As one of the best of his kind.
 Vera Kelsey her father succeeds
 Her stores are linked all o'er
 She's plenty and more for all her needs
 For she's stores and stores by the score.
 Mary Reed—still a quiet miss,
 Is writing a book just now,
 She's sitting all day in heavenly bliss,
 Soon to her audiences shall bow.
 Last in his book Cedric was faithful,
 A verse good and true he'd put
 Miss Downs was the pilot so careful
 For our lives—she had planted the root.
 Then in turn he cited our teachers
 Long remember them we will
 For they'd taught us to reach higher
 For success our heart to fill.
 I awoke with a start,
 Why I had been dreaming
 And deep in my heart
 Was a wonderful gleaning,
 For I'd learned all my classmates
 Were doing quite well
 They'd opened the gates
 And were travelling Life's dell.
 And now I can dream on,
 Perhaps a tear dims the eye
 As through long years I con
 On my mates till I die.

Stella Traver

Do You Not See?

I spun my songs in silent happiness.
 Content to satisfy myself alone.
 I clad my thoughts in puritanic dress,
 Simple of pattern and subdued of tone.

Then, like a crimson cloud, flung banner-wise
 Across the evening gray, you came along,—
 Love on your lips and laughter in your eyes,—
 And heard me sing and loved each little song.

Oh love, do you not see (who taught me first
 How much of loveliness a life may hold)
 The gentle silver of my heart has burst
 Into a medley of cerise and gold?

Helen Pfund '28



Baseball

Williams Freshman 8--Pittsfield 5

Because of a league game scheduled for the next day, Coach Carmody used his second string pitchers against the Frosh team in the opening game of the season at Williamstown. If it were not for several bad breaks, Pittsfield would have undoubtedly taken the game. Our team led right up to the last two innings only to lose the lead at that time and also the game. "Jimmy" Vaccaro started on the mound and did some nice pitching for a time. However, he weakened near the end of the game and was replaced by Guidi. Menin and Culverhouse led the attack at bat with two hits apiece.

Pittsfield 11--Williamstown High 5

The next day, Coach Carmody's promising ball club journeyed to Williamstown to play its first league game. Going into the ninth inning with a 5 to 4 score against them, Pittsfield staged a rally of 7 runs that put the game on ice.

"Flip" Bruno was the outstanding star of the game, walloping out two home runs and a triple for a total of eleven bases. "Mickey" Foster also hit the ball hard securing four hits out of five trips to the plate.

Bruno started on the mound but proved ineffective and was replaced by Aubrey who, during the time he pitched, struck out eleven men.

Pittsfield 9--Berkshire Prep School 2

On May 16, the Pittsfield High team invaded Sheffield and easily defeated the Berkshire School aggregation by the score of 9 to 2. Aubrey pitched excellent ball, allowing but five scattered hits. Menin and Neisal each batted out a triple that aided the cause greatly. Beebe did the best work for the losers.

Pittsfield 4--Lenox 0

Clever pitching by "Ed" Guidi and steller support from the rest of the team, enabled Pittsfield to defeat Lenox High at Lenox on May 24. Guidi let the Millionaires down with two hits and was never in danger. Foster's work behind the bat was also noteworthy, "Mike" nailing three men in their attempt to steal. Menin and Curtain played brilliantly in the field. Gregory, the Lenox hurler, retired twelve of our players by the strike out route.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—1927-28

Pittsfield 6--St. Joseph's of N. A. 4

The second league contest was also a doubtful one until the closing innings. St. Joseph's, playing snappy ball behind Carlton, went into the seventh frame with a 3 to 1 lead. At this point the boys from North Adams put a man on second and third with nobody down. Aubrey tightened up and retired the side without a run. Shortly after this, the Pittsfield batters started hitting the ball freely, and though St. Joseph's put another run over the plate, Coach Carmody's team came through with a 6 to 4 victory.

Menin and the Froio brothers did the best batting for Pittsfield while Smith led the up-county team at bat, securing a double and two singles.

Pittsfield 6--Adams 2

On May 28, last years' champions, and a runner up for this years' honors, came confidently to Pittsfield with high expectations and six straight victories to their winning list.

Things went along on pretty even terms up until the sixth inning when, with two men out, runners on second and third, "Red" Aronstein socked a single to right, thus sending two men over the plate and putting Pittsfield ahead to stay.

Norris Aubrey went the entire distance with a split finger and in spite of the injury, had fine control of the ball. However, the excellent fielding of the team aided him greatly. Foster did the best batting for Pittsfield with two solid hits, each of which sent runners over the plate.

Pittsfield 6--Drury 2

On June 4, Pittsfield High's fast going ball team, eliminated Drury's championship hopes when they downed their ancient rival 6 to 2, before a large crowd at Wahconah Park. This was the first meeting between the two schools since the basketball season of 1926.

The Pittsfield boys kept "their heads up" throughout the contest and were never in danger.

Ed Guidi turned in his second two-hit game of the season with incredible ease. The team played steady ball behind him and turned in many pretty plays. Foster again led the attack at bat. Gagliardi obtained both of Drury's hits.

Pittsfield 7--Chester 3

On June 8, Pittsfield High met Chester, the recent addition to the South Berkshire League, for the first time in the history of the two schools. With an important league game booked for the next day, Coach Carmody started Mahon on the mound, but after Hannihen of Chester socked out a long home run in the second inning, Coach sent "Londo" Froio into the box to take up the burden. Londo did a nice job for the rest of the game although he was frequently in danger.

Chester touched the Pittsfield hurlers up for eleven hits but these, however, were kept scattered.

Menin, F. Froio, and L. Froio featured for Pittsfield while Hannihen of Chester, secured a home run and a triple.

Pittsfield 9--Dalton 3

On June 12, the fast Pittsfield High baseball team journeyed to Dalton where, they not only captured their eighth straight game, but also clinched the North Berkshire League Baseball Championship.

The game was quite close up until the seventh inning. Dalton was leading 2 to 1 at that time but Pittsfield suddenly came to life and chased five runs across the plate. They were never again headed.

Guidi and Aubrey both took their turns on the mound but Aubrey proved the most effective. Kelley, Nisal, Aronstein, and Storie each connected for two hits and played well in the field.

Pittsfield 15--St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 5

On June 16, Pittsfield High practically clinched the Berkshire County Championship honors by trouncing its keen rival, St. Joseph's High of this city by the overwhelming score of 15 to 5.

The game started off with the appearance of an exciting tilt. St. Joseph's started the game by hammering two runs across the plate in the first inning. Pittsfield was not long in getting away in its half of the frame when they doubled the parochial team's score. The real fireworks started when Pittsfield came to bat in their half of the fifth inning. As soon as the echo had died away, eight men had galloped across the plate, bringing the total up to thirteen runs. The team secured twelve hits with Storie, Aubrey, and O. Froio getting two apiece. Aubrey pitched steady ball although he was touched up for eleven hits. Amuso, of St. Joseph's, did the best hitting of the day, with a double and three singles.

Track**Berkshire Prep School 90--Pittsfield 9**

On a beautiful afternoon in May the P. H. S. track team went down to Sheffield to meet Berkshire Prep School in a track meet. The outcome was anything but bright for the visitors, who, missing such stars as Bastow and Pilsbury, two of the county's best men, could accumulate but 9 points. Incidentally, Tounley of Berkshire scored more points than the whole P. H. S. team. "Mert" Clark made three points in the high jump while Hendricks scored two points in the races. Pruyne, Marchisio, Campbell and Hannum secured the remaining four points.

Dwight Campbell

Williams Freshmen 68--Pittsfield 40

About three weeks later, the track team journeyed to Williamstown to meet a selected group of track men from the freshmen class. Although they lost by a 28 point margin, nevertheless, they showed up much better than at the meeting with Berkshire.

George Bastow was Pittsfield's high scorer with eleven points which he made in the shot put, discus throw, and broad jump. "Bart" Hendrick, our sprinting ace, won two first places in the hundred yard and two hundred and twenty yard dashes. The "440" was taken by Joe Abrams and was one of the features of the meet.



GEORGE H. BEEBE
Editor-in-Chief 1928

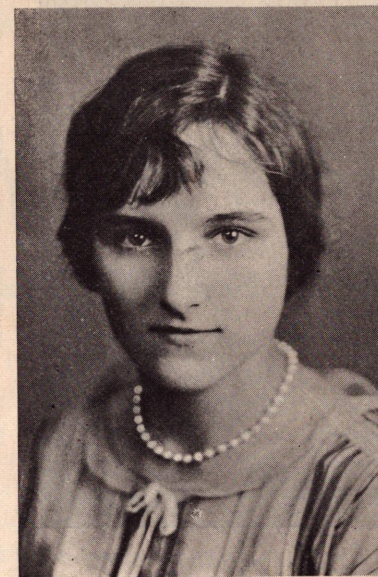


PHOTO BY JACOBS

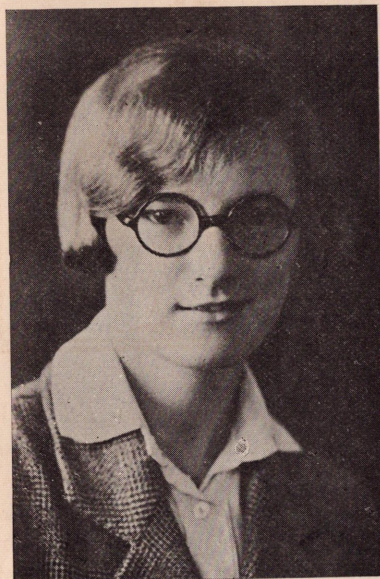
VERA VICTOREEN
Editor-in-Chief 1928-1929

Our New Editor-in-Chief

WHEN school reopens in September, Miss Vera Victoreen of the class of June, 1929, will occupy the position of editor-in-chief of the *Student's Pen*. Miss Victoreen has been the head of the School Notes Department for the past year and has proved one of the most conscientious and original members of the staff. Those who have worked with her know that she is capable of filling this position with a very high degree of efficiency.

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank the members of the staff whose cooperation and hard work have aided him in bringing out the last four issues of *The Pen*.

The Editor



KATHRYN BERGSTROM
Advertising Manager, 1927-28

GRADUATION removes from the *Student's Pen* staff, one of the finest advertising managers that the club has ever had. If it had not been for the unfailing industry of Kathryn Bergstrom and her cohorts, *The Pen* would have had a difficult time in functioning this year.

The most business-like girl in the class has proved herself to be a real "go-getter" and has done more individual work than is expected of most advertising managers.

Her place is to be filled by Albert England, who has served efficiently in the club for the past year.

Columbine

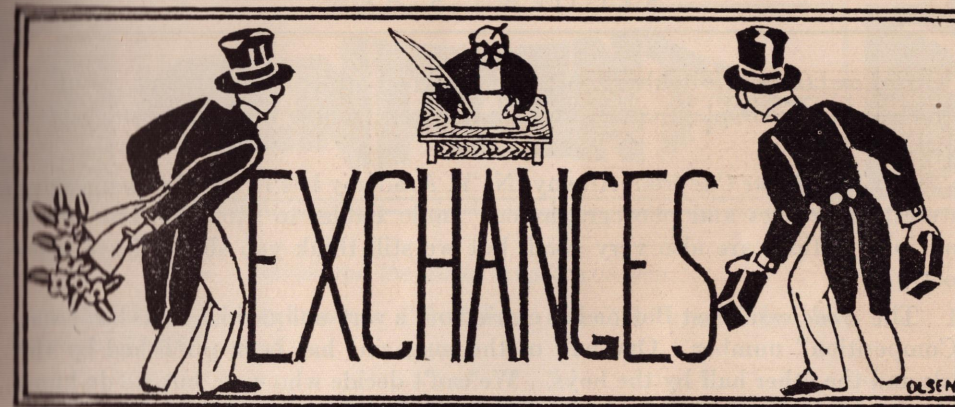
Sweet, dainty flower, thou art
A little flame
Like the tiny spark
Of fireflies.

Bright orange and yellow
Colors of the sun
Scarlet too, the color
Of breaking day.

Tiny flower-butterfly,
A little elfin,
You dance in the wind, unseen
By passers-by.

Courageous little flower,
Braving wind and rain,
Rocking to and fro
On fragile stem.

Margaret Thomson '28



THIS year the retiring Exchange Editor has endeavored to retain the high standard of the department as set by his predecessors. Whether he has succeeded or not can only be decided by the readers and exchanges. In discussing the magazines it has not been his object to "bestow bouquets", for such a method of commenting is in no way beneficial to the recipient. Nor has it been his policy to give only adverse criticism, for this might easily discourage editors of small papers. After all the exchange department's main purpose is to get ideas from other magazines and to give them our suggestions as to their own improvement.

It is needless to mention with what regret the retiring Exchange Editor leaves his duties. He wishes to express his sincere gratitude to the conscientious members of his department, whose aid has been invaluable in carrying on the work of the exchanges.

* * * * *

In looking over the magazines now on our desk, we find the *Broctonia* from Brockton, Mass. This is one magazine in which it is almost impossible to find a fault. Of course, the literary section is not very large but surely it is of high quality. We especially enjoyed the cover on the spring issue, and the poems within added much to your magazine.

Congratulations for *The Oracle* of Abington, Pennsylvania! This magazine won first place in its class in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. It is a fine magazine with numerous appropriate photographs and cuts. The articles on the methods of travel in the "Here and There Issue" were well developed.

Another good magazine is the *Erasmian* from Brooklyn, N. Y. The literary section is the outstanding part of the magazine. We believe, however, that forming a separate department for all poems and enlarging your exchange department would improve it still further.

The *Shucis* from Schenectady, N. Y. has a very good literary section in a well-balanced magazine. But we missed greatly some cuts and photographs, which help to raise the standard of any publication.

The *St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle* from Philadelphia does not contain a single cut or photograph, yet it is a very interesting magazine. A strain of seriousness manifests itself throughout the publication and no jokes are found, yet all of the material seems to be carefully chosen.

Red and Gray of Fitchburg, Mass. has a good athletic department. But we don't care for your plain cover, and experienced trouble in finding your school news.

Our friend *The Cue* from Albany, N. Y. Academy has in its May issue some interesting articles and photographs on "Indic Fables in Stone." The sports and joke sections are also very good, but we still think you should have more poetry.

The *Noddler* of East Boston has carried out a very unique idea in its last issue, "Competition" number. One half of the magazine has been published by the girls and the other half by the boys. We can't decide who won, but we do know that much good material resulted. Don't you think it would have been better not to omit the exchange column?

The *Red and Black* from Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H., is an interesting magazine with many fine points. To improve it, however, we think that there might be more poems and longer stories.

The *Meteor* from Pocombe High School has an interesting but not very complete graduation number. It is interesting to note that the graduating class of that school presented "The Whole Town's Talking", the same play the Pittsfield senior class chose.

As Others See Us.

The Oracle of Abington, Pa. writes: "The commencement number of *The Student's Pen* of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass., was last, before us, to be judged . . . Saint Peter commented on the ruthless treatment that Astor and Vanderbilt received from their biographers. Then, too, it would seem that a year-book might contain more photographs. The exchange department is original and leaves little to be desired."

The Broctonia of Brockton says, "Your magazine has an excellent poetry section. From cover to cover we more than enjoyed reading you."

The Cue of Albany Academy comments thus, "*The Student's Pen* had the best cover design of any exchange received this month. Ernest Olson more than does his part in making your magazine the success it is. Another part which is rightfully due great praise is the excellent poetry column."

The *Erasmian* from Brooklyn, N. Y. contains this, "*The Student's Pen* is a well planned magazine. We particularly admired your unique cuts."

The *Shucis* of Schenectady High School: "A most appropriate cover for a commencement issue. The poetical nature of your paper bubbles over and spills even into your addresses!"

Kirkland Sloper

Olsen: "They'll never shoot me at sunrise."

Beebe: "How come?"

Olsen: "Because I don't get up until eight o'clock."
(Clever, eh what? old fruit?)



Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Donnelly (in lunchroom): "Hey Joe! Don't bite into that hot dog. It might be Lon Chaney."

* * * *

Martha Hick: "At last I've forgotten what studying is like."

B. Hulsman: "How come?"

Martha Hick: "I'm a senior now."

* * * *

Tourist (visiting Longfellow home): "And does Longfellow return often to spend his summers here?"

* * * *

Bill Nesbit, the Latin shark, announces that altho his girl is named Rosa he calls her Rosum, as she is such a masculine type.

* * * *

"I'm a big rubber man from India."

"Oh, I see, you mean you're a big India-rubber man."

("A bad business, my masters.")

* * * *

"Did you ever take the Carlsbad mud treatment?"

"No, but I once played in a Harvard-Yale football game."

* * * *

Silvernail: "What home room are you in?"

Welton: "Four."

Silvernail: "What's that?"

Welton: "Four!"

Silvernail: "I asked you what home room you're in. We're not playing golf now."

* * * *

IN ROOM 13

Mr. Dunn: "You missed my class yesterday, did you not?"

McNamara: "Not in the least, sir, not in the least."

* * * *

Mr. Brierly: "Rockefeller has seven dollars for every person in the United States."

A. Hutchinson: "I haven't received mine yet."

* * * *

Mr. Herrick: "Is Smith here?"

Smith: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Herrick: "Splendid! That's the first question you've answered this year."

"I graduate in June."

"Allow me to congratulate the school."

* * * *

"They laughed when I sat down at the piano, and their laughter soon turned to uproarious mirth. Why? Because some idiot had removed the piano stool."

* * * *

Miss Jordan: "Why do you stay so far behind in your studies?"

M. McClaren: "So I pursue them better."

* * * *

HEARD ON THE TRACK (?)

Coach Carmody: "Have you ever run amuck?"

Jim Donna: "What distance is that?"

* * * *

IN "HISTORY TO 1700" CLASS

Miss Kaliher: "What people were made to observe Sunday as a day of rest when the law was made?"

Walgers: "The city people, magistrates, and the artesians."

* * * *

We are indebted to a poet on the *Yale Record*, (altho he is ignorant of the fact that we are using his poem) for the following beautiful verse.

I love to nonchalantly split
The smug infinitives.
To thus impair their *savoir faire*
Huge satisfaction gives.

Tho it betrays my brutal strain,
I openly admit,
Infinitives I hanker to
Irreparably split!

* * * *

Maitre: "Give a sentence with the word "cement."

Etudiant: "What cement by that?"

* * * *

Miss Day in Etiquette Club: "Arthur, when you ask someone the time and he says: 'eight o'clock', you must say: 'thank you'."

Art Sturgis: "Yes, but suppose he says: 'half past twelve'?"

* * * *

Foster: "When I was a boy, I thought nothing of chopping a cord of wood."

Second gridiron hero: "I don't think so much of it myself."

* * * *

Coach Carmody is perplexed that more fellows have turned out for track than there are in school. "Never mind, Coach, we all have our troubles."

* * * *

Victorian simile: "As quiet as the tomb."

Collegiate simile: "So quiet you could hear the microbes gnashing their teeth."



Hail All!

TWO months ago a modest article appeared in this magazine. It was labeled "The Children's Column". The intellectual public, seeing this article, was stunned by its brilliance. A public which knows, a public which chooses, has demanded more of the same. This magazine desires to please this public. Therefore I now take great pleasure in presenting "The Children's Column", a monthly prepared for publication by—

Uncle Wiltsie Dunham

Copied from an Original in Europe's Leading Art Gallery

THE picture heading this page is from an original by Vanardo Le Dinci, the great daguerreotypist. The fine intellectual features of King Arthur are engaged in deciphering an account, cast in the new type of the *Beagle*, of the brasting of a spear by Launcelot.

For several years this picture was studied intently by John Brierly of Worcester in an attempt to balance a chair in a similar manner. Not having any letters bigger than a typewriter he failed.

Note the dragon. It was used by the knights as a tennis racquet in a game called Ping Pong. The knights would swing their dragon and swat a large rubber ball across the net. A doity trick was played on Sir Galahad thusly: Sir Bors substituted a croquet ball. First case of dragon appendicitis on record.

Sh! Big secret! The baby isn't there at all. Ha! Ha! I fooled ya.

Eddy Tor

A Fairy Tale

NOW, kiddies, this happened a long time ago when I was the best student in p. h. s., that far famed institute which still serves the public. it was lunch hour.

in the first place no one but traffic officers went out on the first bell and everyone waited quietly for the second and when it rang no one rushed for the door and the second floor students didn't try to get out and everyone went single file to the basement where a well aired, lighted and spacious lunch room awaited them. there was no rushing for seats as there were plenty to go round and there were two counters and everyone was served quickly and there was enough food even for the poor little freshmen and when they got through everyone put the paper in the cans and now children if you are good and don't throw beer bottles at chinese laundrymen I will tell you another story next september.

Yours for a happy vacation,

uncle wiltsie

Miriam Tames Nasty Dragon

(Being an extract from *Ye Beagle*)

MIRIAM was scairt. Yes, kiddies, she was scairt stiff as the king's scepter. You see it was the first time she had ever ventured outside the big strong walls of the castle and now there was a dragon around the corner. She knew 'cause she could hear him crying. Now as she was scairt stiff, she couldn't move, so she said, "Who's there?" in a teary, weepy voice.

"Who want's to know?" questioned the dragon in a deep voice, the voice attached to the third head. You see he was crying with the first head. Well, anyway, Miriam got up enough courage to stagger around the gutter filled with dragon tears.

"What's the matter?," quoth Miriam. "I never knew dragons cried."

"Well, you see", said the dragon, using his well modulated middle-head voice, "I-I never have had any one to love me and I'm so lonely. Say! Could I come and sleep under your window and be your dragon? I could keep away naughty men."

Well, Miriam liked this idea, so she climbed up on the dragon's back and nestled down between a couple of spikes for the ride to the castle.

When they were yet a long way off, the king, who was lying on the couch hammock on the third terrace, saw them and picked up his crown off the grass and rushed down to meet them.

"Well! Well! Where'd this cookiepusher come from?" cried he.

"Aw! Let him sleep under my window pa-pa," pleaded Miriam.

"Got any credentials?" said the king to the dragon.

"Yup" answered Themistocles (his name) "Three from the magician at Camelot." And so they lived happily ever after.

Uncle Wiltsie

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"I do not choose to run in 1928"—*Calvin Coolidge.*

"There's one born every minute."—*P. T. Barnum.*

"There ain't no such anamile."—*Mrs. Bennett.*

"Report for discipline session at 2:10."—*Miss Nugent.*

"You'll find Latin very easy when you get to like it."—*Mr. Goodwin.*

"Zarvis, close the door."—*Mr. Herrick.*

"Now I'll tell you a nice fairy story if you'll promise to eat your ice cream after you've had your spinach."—*Uncle Wiltsie Dunham.*

"I always find that you behave very well when I am away, when I get back."
—*Principal R. M. Strout.*

"Put that vanity case away or I shall confiscate it."—*Miss Davidson.*

"Geometry is a *very* important subject."—*Miss Jordan.*

"Oh! You leatherhead."—*Coach Carmody.*

"My favorite book is 'A Child's Garden of Verses'."—*Gene Tunney.*

* * * *

R. Levine (stating proposition in geometry): "The area of a polygon equals one half the product of its radio and its anthem."

WE NEVER CLOSE.

You can enter our school any Monday and complete your course without interruption. :: :: :: ::

JULY 2nd

Will be a splendid date for any member of the class of 1928 to enter who desires to get a thorough training for business. :: Write or telephone for Year Book.

BERKSHIRE BUSINESS COLLEGE

A Savings Account

in this Bank has been of much assistance to many of our younger depositors in their endeavors to secure their education.

The Third National Bank

Pittsfield, Mass.

Belden's Sport Shop

We have been selling Sporting Goods for 25 years at

277 North St., Pittsfield, Mass.

The Key to Unlock YOUR Door of Success!

SUCCESS lies not so much in how much money we make, but in how much we save. Anyone who consistently saves money and invests it safely at a fair rate of interest will have a comfortable fortune--perhaps even riches.

NOW is a good time for YOU to open your Savings Account. Why not stop in to get your "little grey book"!

Agricultural National Bank
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Salesroom and Workshop for the Blind

Chairs reseated with Cane
Rush, Pith and Splint
Art Fabrics, Household Supplies
Knitted Goods, Baskets
Rugs, Brooms and Mops
Tennis Racquets Restrung
Piano Tuning



24 and 30 EAGLE STREET
PITTSFIELD
TELEPHONE 3650

Noble-Milne Co., Inc.

Plumbing
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140 Fenn Street
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Students

of the Pittsfield High School, who are 16 years of age or over, are eligible for life insurance. Take a policy for the benefit of your parents, that they may, in a measure, be repaid for your education should anything happen to you.

Berkshire Life Insurance Company

A Pittsfield Company Seventy-seven years old
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Incorporated 1851

Make it a Rochford Cap this time

It's a great cap for a young man. Has a leather peak, a jaunty swing, a trick of becomingness and an air of expensiveness without putting any strain on the pocketbook.

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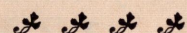
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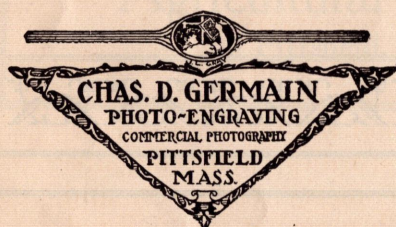
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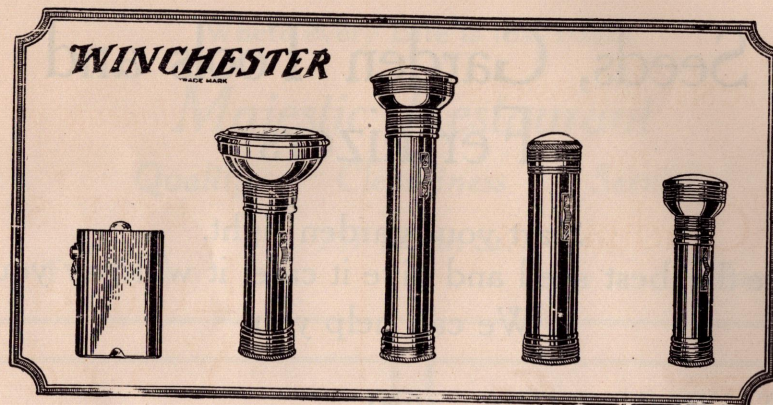
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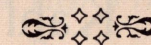
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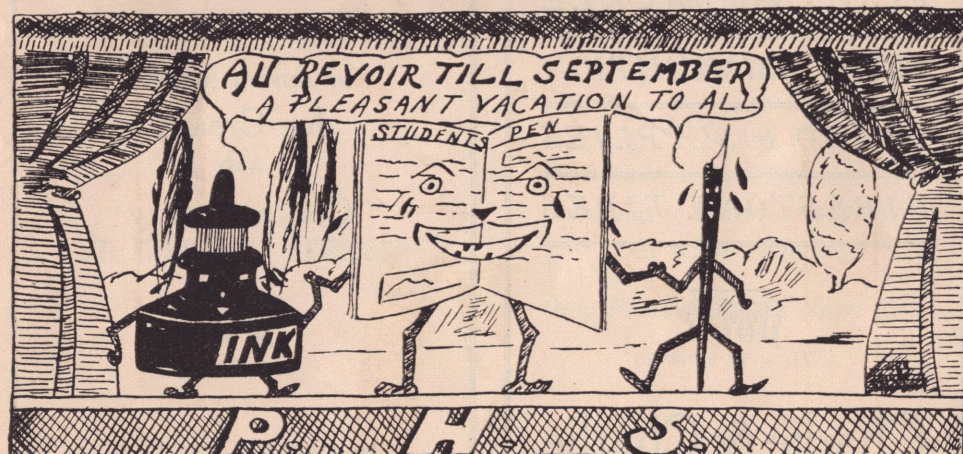
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